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## THE FRENCH EMPEROR AND HIS ENGLISH GUESTS.

THE authors of the Conspiracy Bill are gone to pay their court to the master of the French Colonels. We cannot refuse to Lords PALMERSTON and CLARENDRON the credit which is due to the consistency of their policy and their courageous fidelity to their friend. The force of disinterested devotion has seldom been more signally exemplified. It is in moments of difficulty and embarrassment that the sincerity of friendship is really tested, and certainly it would have been difficult to select an instant at which a public manifestation of unchangeable allegiance, on the part of the English "cronies" of LOUIS NAPOLEON, could have been more serviceable to the interests of their patron and less advantageous to their own. While the menace of Lisbon rests unexplained and unatoned—while the persecution of M. DE MONTAUBERT is concentrating upon the oppressor of liberty the undisguised disgust of every free nation—the Emperor of the FRENCH is able to advertise to Europe, and to fling in the teeth of English opinion, the welcome adulation of two men who lay claim to the title of English statesmen and Liberal politicians.

If this were a simple question of personal intimacies and individual relations, we might have consented to treat the affair as one removed from the legitimate field of public criticism. Whatever might have been our judgment on the question of taste, we should have been content to leave the infliction of merited censure to the more appropriate tribunal of social opinion. If Lords PALMERSTON and CLARENDRON were English noblemen in a private station, whose movements were noted only by the students of the *Court Circular*, and who could sacrifice no interests and compromise no character but their own, it would be a matter of equal indifference to us whether they attended the *chasse* at Compiègne or frequented the dog-fights at JEMMY SHAW'S. We, who do not sympathize in the sweeping contempt which MR. BRIGHT professes for the English aristocracy, might have indulged a passing regret that even the most insignificant and least considered personages of our nobility should have exhibited vulgar solicitude to flutter in a Court where gentlemen are hardly found, and for which ladies are with difficulty recruited. We might have stigmatized with deserved contempt that inordinate and febrile passion for ephemeral excitement to which dignity, and decency, and decorum opposed such feeble and ineffectual barriers. We might have deplored that no delicacy of sentiment, no chastity of honour, could withhold the votaries of pleasure and the sycophants of success from reproducing in the antechambers of LOUIS NAPOLEON the scenes which have made the reception-rooms of KING HUDSON a lasting reproach to the English aristocracy. We should have thought that a class which, in the pursuit of pleasure, was not wholly lost to the sense of its proper dignity, might have rested satisfied with the virtuous splendour of its own Court and the high-bred independence of English society, without condescending to do the "walking gentleman" business on the tawdry stage of a spurious Royalty. But, as we have already said, it is not as a matter of taste that we feel called upon to comment on the visit of Lord PALMERSTON and Lord CLARENDRON to Compiègne. It is on public grounds that we arraign their conduct as public men. Their visit at this moment to the Emperor of the FRENCH will not be viewed by the opinion of Europe as a private transaction, and nothing could be further from the intention of their host than that it should be so regarded. Lord PALMERSTON and Lord CLARENDRON are men who have occupied a prominent position in public affairs, and have held the highest situations in the English Government. They have claimed to be worthy to conduct the destinies of a free people, and they have received an amount of confidence more in proportion to their professions than to their performance.

The *liaisons* of such men are neither immaterial nor unobserved. They naturally become the scandal of the nation of which they are the representatives, and of the cause to which their names have been attached. They have the power of compromising the country by their indiscretion, just as a Bishop might bring discredit on the Church by a *faux pas*, or as a Methodist preacher might involve the Connexion by his appearance in a police-court.

Lord PALMERSTON and Lord CLARENDRON are not private personages, and the *réunions* at Compiègne are not, and never have been, treated as purely private affairs. It is sufficiently notorious that political and diplomatic considerations have always largely regulated the invitations of the representatives of the European Powers to these semi-official entertainments. A summons to Compiègne has been universally regarded as a gauge of the cordiality which the Government of France entertained towards the Power by which the guest was accredited. We doubt whether the ex-Minister of England will have the pleasure of meeting in the hunting-field the representative of the Court of Vienna or of Lisbon. It is idle to say that this is a question of private friendship. If Lord PALMERSTON or Lord CLARENDRON were capable of the hypocrisy of feigning, or the imbecility of believing, such a pretext, no further proof would be needed of their incapacity to fulfil the part of English statesmen. When CHARLES FOX and SHERIDAN set out to pay their respects to the FIRST CONSUL, they had not the absurdity to imagine that their act would not receive a political interpretation. No man has known better than Lord PALMERSTON how to benefit from the imputation cast upon a rival—though with comparatively little foundation—of personal relations with foreign Courts. We know at whom was levelled the invidious eulogy pronounced upon Lord PALMERSTON, that he was "not the Minister of Austria, nor the Minister of Prussia, nor the Minister of France, but the Minister of England." But if the malignant insinuations directed against "ce cher ABERDEEN" were judged by Lord PALMERSTON a solid disqualification for public confidence, what are we to say to men whose adulation is not left to conjecture, and whose subserviency has already been proved by their deeds? LOUIS PHILIPPE, indeed, whose imagined intimacy was held to be a reproach to an English Minister, was the peaceful and constitutional Sovereign of a free country. We never heard that the *Moniteur* in his day threatened an invasion of the English coasts—we do not remember that he dictated Bills against the liberty of the subject to any English Cabinet, or that his Ambassador addressed strictures on English institutions to astonished aldermen. Ambition should be made of sterner stuff than this. The patron of Lord PALMERSTON—for the man who is "not the Minister of France, but the Minister of England," has his patron too—is cast in a different mould. The host of "ce cher PALMERSTON" is the armed tyrant of an oppressed people. The bosom friend of the "Liberal Foreign Minister" is the keystone of European despotism. The "defender of civil and religious liberty in Europe" is satisfied to exhibit himself as the pet of the gaoler of Rome, and the patron of the *parti prêtre* in France. The champion of the spirited foreign policy and the great upholder of the African squadron stands confessed the humble admirer of the man who, in the interest of the Slave-trade, has just inflicted a signal humiliation on England.

One of the first questions which will necessarily occupy the attention of Parliament when it re-assembles, will be the part taken by her MAJESTY'S Government in the affair of the coercion of Portugal. In the legitimate working of our constitutional system, it would fall to the province of the leading Opposition politicians to demand an account at the hands of the Administration of matters in which the character of the country appears to have been gravely com-

promised. The public would naturally have looked to **LORD PALMERSTON** in one House of Parliament, and to **LORD CLARENDRON** in the other, as the persons to whom it most properly belonged to conduct an inquiry so material to the dignity and honour of England. But the first condition of that inquiry must be that the men who are to pursue it shall be in a position to criticise without fear or favour the conduct and the policy of the French Government. How far the measures adopted by the EMPEROR are or are not capable of excuse, we are unable, in the absence of official information, precisely to determine. **LORD PALMERSTON** and **LORD CLARENDRON** are in the same situation as the rest of the public, and for the same reason. It is enough to say that, on a question which appears on the face of it to be one of grave suspicion, these two Noble Lords have deliberately precluded themselves from acting their true part as English statesmen. Even assuming their deliberate judgment to be favourable to the cause of the EMPEROR, they have lost all authority in the matter, by exposing themselves to the just imputation of personal bias. To suppose that they will be able to discuss the conduct of their host with the same freedom and frankness as if they were not fresh from the enjoyment of his hospitality, is to give them credit for more firmness and less good nature than we believe them to possess. These Noble Lords have held the brief of **LOUIS NAPOLEON** against England once too often already for their own reputation and influence. We do not think that the fact that they meet Parliament with new instructions from the same quarter will tend to retrieve their damaged popularity or to reinstate their dilapidated authority.

But it is not the pendency of the Portuguese discussion alone that gives to this worse than inconsiderate act a special and mischievous significance. It may be quite true that, politically speaking, the prosecution of **M. DE MONTALEMBERT** is an affair in which the English Government have no right to interpose. But it is not true that, morally speaking, English public opinion is not both entitled and bound to protest loudly against this violent and outrageous proceeding. In strictness, it is no concern of yours whether your neighbour beats his wife and ill-uses his children; but a man of proper feeling or common delicacy does not accept an invitation to dinner to see the operation performed. Queen **ELIZABETH** did not think herself entitled to make the massacre of the Huguenots a *casus belli*; but neither she nor her people would have been disposed to view very favourably the conduct of two Lords of her Council who should have gone by appointment to pass St. Bartholomew's Day with **CHARLES IX.** It is idle to pretend that these evidences of sympathy are of no significance. They are acts of moral support, rendered to the cause which is not England's cause—they are testimonies of approval of that which Englishmen do not approve. Will **LORD PALMERSTON** or **LORD CLARENDRON** pretend that it could have made no difference whether **MR. GLADSTONE** lifted up his voice against the iniquities of the Neapolitan Government, or went to spend a quiet week in the country with the King of **NAPLES**? Will they argue that it was unimportant to Europe, to Naples, but above all to England, whether a prominent English politician openly sided with **POERIO** or with his gaoler? Are we to be told that it is of no consequence to the character of England whether men in the position of **LORD PALMERSTON** and **LORD CLARENDRON** are seen to sympathize with the oppressor or the oppressed, with injustice or with law, with freedom or with tyranny? These Noble Lords may depend upon it that they have grossly misjudged English opinion and English sentiment upon this matter. The generous and dignified course which the *Times* has pursued upon this question is a striking testimony to the strength and universality of the popular feeling. With a magnanimity which we feel bound in justice honourably to recognise, the *Times* has risen superior to those personal susceptibilities which **M. DE MONTALEMBERT**'s criticisms might have not unnaturally wounded, in order that it might cast its great influence into the scale of that cause which it knows that Englishmen love, and against that injustice which it knows that Englishmen abhor. **LORD PALMERSTON** and **LORD CLARENDRON** will live to learn that the Conspiracy Bill itself was not a greater mistake than the visit to **Compiègne**. England does not admire the policy of **LOUIS NAPOLEON**, nor fear his menaces, and the country will take good care that its feelings shall not be identified with the sympathies of men who seem to do both. The sycophants of despotism throughout Europe may point in triumph, if they please, to the adulation of these English Lords at the footstool of the great

enemy of liberty and justice; but Englishmen will happily be able to *fling them back* a worthy and sufficient reply. They can say, "It is true these men are now the 'accomplices of **LOUIS NAPOLEON**, as they were lately his tools. But their thoughts are not our thoughts, their fears are not our fears, their loves are not our loves. In the plenitude of their power we hurled them from their place as 'unfit to conduct the destinies of a free State or to represent the sympathies of a free people.' If **M. DE MONTALEMBERT** should feel inclined to complain of the ingratitude which seems to identify the people whom he has so nobly appreciated with the cause of his oppressor, let him rest assured that English opinion will amply avenge him for that which is not so much an outrage upon his own feelings as upon those of the English nation. The loss of their countrymen's esteem is the vindication of England from complicity in the treason of these Noble Lords to the cause of freedom. Still they will get their week's shooting at **Compiègne**. 'Verily they have their reward.' **THEMISTOCLES**, we have read, rejoiced in his exile, because, but for his disgrace, he would never have tasted the pleasures and the grandeur of Persia. **THEMISTOCLES**, however, was a prudent man, for he obtained from **ARTAXERXES** the grant of three cities to supply him with meat, drink, and clothing. But **LORD PALMERSTON** and **CLARENDRON** seem rather to have copied the thriftlessness of **ESAU**; for since the days of the man who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, never was so improvident a bargain struck as that which barters the confidence of the English people against the smile of a French EMPEROR.

#### THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

IT is hard to say which of the persons immediately interested has the least reason to be grateful for the illegitimate disclosure of **SIR JOHN YOUNG**'s Ionian Despatch of June, 1857. Whatever foregone conclusions **MR. GLADSTONE** may have formed in favour of the course which it recommends, it is not conceivable, on the mere ground of decency, that he can have wished his witnesses to be publicly advertised of the tone in which they are expected to answer. His functions are at once degraded from those of a responsible inquiring magistrate into the constrained posture-making of a puppet in leading-strings. The whole world may now see how eminently clean and respectable a cat's-paw **LORD DERBY**'s Government can inveigle into the performance of a dirty and disreputable job. **MR. GLADSTONE** is destined to land at Corfu with fingers already burnt and soiled past cure and past hiding. Nor can **SIR JOHN YOUNG** and his coadjutors in that island be better pleased at seeing the thimbles suddenly lifted off their board before the little pea is actually spirited away. If the disintegration of an existing State is to be ostensibly effected by England as a generous concession to the unconquerable patriotic disloyalty of five-sevenths among its component parts, and as a tender acknowledgment of the more loyal but less patriotic attachment of the other two to their foreign guardian, the success of the *legerdemain*, and the credit of "retiring from the 'Protection with a good grace,'" are rendered infinitely more questionable by a publication which reveals the real motives of the measure, and shows up the *quantum* of authority and statesmanship on which its recommendation has been based. Somewhat more is needed to justify a deliberate abandonment of the responsibilities undertaken on the terms of a European treaty than **SIR JOHN YOUNG**'s appreciation of the inherent difficulties of his position, and the confidential assurances of the Attorney-General of the Ionian States, "a very intelligent person, and thoroughly acquainted with the sentiments of his Corfiote fellow-countrymen." That intelligent functionary will probably be the most surprised and the least gratified among all the conspirators by the premature disclosure to his fellow-countrymen of his own sentiments and "strong arguments" in their behalf. It is the acknowledged tendency of intelligent **Attorney-Generals** in England, as elsewhere, to "argue strongly" according to the understood wishes, if not always in the true interest, of their employers for the time being. We can conceive it not impossible that, with a different brief, the **Chevalier CURCUMELLI** might argue quite as strongly in favour of a very different policy, and understand in quite a different sense the sentiments of his Corfiote fellow-countrymen. Within a month or two after the date of the recently published despatch, sufficient notoriety was given, even in England, to the view which the Ionian Chamber at least was disposed to take of any plan for the separate annexation of

Corfu. We now learn that the actual existence of an official scheme to that effect provided an intelligible opening for a seditious display which at the time appeared gratuitously insane. The Corfu representatives were not on that occasion behind their brother delegates from the Southern islands in proclaiming their abhorrence of so perfidious a plot. One of them (the Archon of Public Instruction) promised assassination, at the hands of the first Harmodius among his constituents who could get the chance, to the traitor who had devised the atrocious scheme, whoever he might be. The Attorney-General, while absolutely repudiating, on the part of the Government, any knowledge whatever of the alleged petition for annexation, or of any project having that tendency, volunteered the observation that the union of the Ionian Islands with the kingdom of Greece was an open question, to be determined by time and circumstances. He can hardly have expected that the value of his official denial, and the sincerity of his compromise between individual patriotism and fidelity to the salt of his masters, would be so unceremoniously "blown" by an unknown accomplice. The most Spartan self-respect would be hurt at being found out so ignominiously.

If, in pursuance of Sir JOHN YOUNG's "earnest" recommendation, an opportunity is to be "found or made" of discussing the subject with the other Powers that were parties to the Treaty of Paris, the negotiator on behalf of England will have to swallow some most unnecessary dirt from the hands of Austria, in consequence of the publication of what was meant for the eyes of Sir JOHN YOUNG's official superiors only. We are told that the principal European importance to be attached to our military possession of Corfu lies in its balancing the "standing menaces" to the western provinces of Turkey, recently erected by Austria at Cattaro and other points along the Dalmatian shore; and we are reminded of her "constant interference" in the affairs of Montenegro and other bordering tribes, as tending to show that Russia is "not the only neighbour which has views of territorial aggrandizement at the expense of the Porte." Whatever extraordinary political sagacity or unbiased appreciation of historical parallels may be thought to have inspired these plausible formulas, their publication, as the basis of the most important point in a new territorial arrangement to which the consent of Austria is required, is as curiously suicidal as its treacherous publisher could wish. The gratuitous imputation of generally larcenous tendencies is not a conciliatory method of opening a business conversation with your co-trustee—more especially when the little arrangement you wish to propose involves a suspicious transfer of certain stock into your own name alone, and the execution of a release to yourself for any future responsibility as to the remainder.

The despatch itself is singularly shallow, irrelevant, and inconclusive. The facts upon which the policy that it recommends is based are as obviously unreliable as the inferences drawn from them are unfair and unwise. If there is no better reason for our retaining Corfu than arises from the statements and arguments to which the High Commissioner has been induced to subscribe his name, it may as well follow the fate of the other islands. And if there is no reason for surrendering the other islands to Greece beyond those enumerated—not one of which has gained in logical force since the morrow of the battle of Navarino—why should Corfu alone reap all the benefit of becoming "completely Anglicized and enriched by British 'capital and enterprise'?" What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander; and the suitable condiments for the Corfiote gander are, conversely, applicable to the Zantiote goose. However blissfully ignorant Sir JOHN YOUNG may have been at the date of the despatch, he must now be well aware that the loyalty of the Corfiotes is just as problematical as that of the other islanders. The demagogues and the press of Corfu are just as factious in spirit as those of Zante and Cefalonia. In practice they are even louder, because they have a larger apology for a public, and a greater power of attack in their more annoying proximity to the central Government; and it consequently pays them better to be loud. There are as many grievances to redress in Corfu as elsewhere—as many encroachments to repel, as frequent complaints against grinding oppressions and heartless monopolies created by "English 'capital and enterprise'." It is difficult to suppose that the exceptional treatment which "in the course of a few years" will completely Anglicize Corfu—while the same few years are, to Sir JOHN YOUNG's and their own equal satis-

faction, completely Hellenizing the Southern islands—would succeed in stopping the mouths of Corfiote bawlers by providing them a permanent and intelligible pretext for bawling. If the necessities of England's "own reputation, and "the cause of representative institutions generally," leave no course open to her in the Southern islands but that of turning tail and running away from them altogether, it is at least obvious that the "cause of representative institutions" in Corfu, which cannot be ignored after annexation any more than before, will have exactly its present difficulties to contend against, with the additional stumbling-block of a more unfavourable reputation for tyrannous dishonesty and selfishness attaching to the name of England. It is almost impossible to suppose that an intelligent Ionian Attorney-General, thoroughly acquainted with his countrymen's character and sentiments, has any real belief in the policy or practicability of the scheme, or any object in proposing it beyond that of throwing into the imbroglio of Ionian politics a subtle ingredient which will make the charm grow madder than ever.

"English capital and enterprise" are already as free to enter into the little vortex of Ionian commerce as they could be if Corfu were annexed; and if they do not enter freely, it is presumably because they find elsewhere wider scope, readier and more constant employment, and better security for a return. The only practical impediment to the use of English capital in the purchase of Ionian lands is the danger of investing in a bad title—a danger not to be cured by simple annexation, but avoidable even now by the due investigation of a cautious purchaser. It may reasonably be doubted whether the feeling which might be raised against the English name by placing the Corfiotes in a more singular and anomalous relation towards us than they at present occupy, would create any strong inducement for English capitalists to settle in and "Anglicize" Corfu. It is not so very long since the Corfiotes ceased to commit "agrarian outrages" against their native landlords. The Hellenic tenant might still be tempted into the self-indulgence of redressing a double grievance, by occasionally "potting" a British proprietor. Even if the desired object of Anglicizing Corfu were so easy of realization, it may be questioned whether it would be either just or desirable. Our mission is to educate, not to oust or to swamp, our *protégés*. "Corfu for the English" is a cry singularly alien to our later and better colonial policy.

"It is clear to me," says the despatch, "that our military possession (of Corfu) is the only point of interest to foreign States, and that they must be indifferent as to the form under which we may find it best for the interest of the Corfiotes to administer their civil government." To us it is not quite so clear. The parties to the Treaty of 1815 formed a single State out of the Seven Islands, and placed it under the exclusive protection of Great Britain. For the better protection of that State, the right of occupying its fortresses was given to the Protecting Power. The right of superintending the internal organization of that State is more widely different in its nature and consequences from the simple sovereignty over Corfu alone than Sir JOHN YOUNG seems to think. If the united Ionian State ceases to exist altogether in passing from under the protection of England, where is the *locus standi* for her continued occupation of the fortresses received in deposit for a special purpose, and which she was bound by convention to restore in proper order on the dissolution of the original tie? The rashest self-confidence has no right to rely on its own idea of the views which the parties to the Treaty might now take as to a new disposal of the islands, on a re-opening of the question at the request of England herself, and on a proposal involving the relinquishment of a duty which we must first acknowledge our incapacity to perform. But, to adopt Sir JOHN YOUNG's own words, the certain consequences would be vexation and loss of *prestige*, incurred for no very apparent object.

It may seem hardly worth while to point out the weakness of the instances adduced to prove that the bare military possession of Corfu, under any or no title whatever, is an all-important, and should be an all-sufficient, object with England. They are as futile as the reasons for confiding in the indifference of foreign Powers to a change in our tenure. "In the spring of 1854, three Russian ships were cruising in the Adriatic, but did not venture to attempt their escape past Corfu, though only one small English frigate was then in the harbour." It was thought better to sell them at Trieste than to run the risk of passing within fifty miles of Corfu, the "key of the Adriatic." The Dardanelles and

its hostile fleets on the one side of Gibraltar, and the closed-up Baltic on the other, were items, it appears, of no moment. It was Corfu alone that did it, and fluttered the Russians into the indignity of a Trieste sale. Corfu is also "of great importance to the security" of the Indian route from Trieste to Alexandria. It is difficult to see in what manner the military possession of England increases the security of a traffic entirely carried on in steamers belonging to Austria, against whose aggressions on Turkey (on the other hand) Corfu is to be as effectual a check as Gibraltar was to the conquest of Spain by NAPOLEON. Except as the base of a reserve, which imposed upon SOULT more than it needed, WELLINGTON made but little use of our hold on Gibraltar in reconquering that Spain of which it certainly did not prevent the conquest. The importance of Gibraltar and Corfu may not be exaggerated; but it must rest upon better reasons than the pompous and blundering inanities we have quoted above. Surely such careless or twisted readings of fact and history ought to shake the confidence of any Government in the fitness of their authors to make a piece of history for others to read.

#### THE PROSPECTS OF FREE-TRADE IN FRANCE.

FUTURE historians, when sketching the commercial progress of England in the nineteenth century, will be greatly puzzled to comprehend the reluctance of other nations to imitate the Free-trade policy which has been in our case so signally successful. The ignorance and jealousy with which everything English is regarded abroad, and the class interests and prejudices which oppose themselves elsewhere, as they did here, to the teaching of economists, may not hereafter be fully appreciated; and even now, after making every allowance for such influences, it is astonishing that principles which are established not only by theoretical demonstration but by the most convincing illustration that any sceptic could demand, should still be rejected by the large majority of every considerable country in the world, with the solitary exception of Great Britain.

It was natural enough that our Protectionists should cling to their old belief long after they were fairly reasoned out of the field. They had always the last irresistible argument of dulness on their side—"Your theory may be very clever, " but it has never been tried; and we prefer to trust to the "old system, which has raised England to her present greatness." One after another, indeed, all the thinking men fell away from the phalanx; but up to the moment when Free-trade triumphed, there remained a stolid mass of Protectionism against which argument was hopeless. The experiment has been tried, and those who were deaf to reason have yielded to the force of experience. Free-trade is now the national creed, not so much because the teaching of ADAM SMITH is universally appreciated, as because the evidence of facts has superseded the necessity for theoretical arguments. So far as foreigners can be said to see anything which passes in England, they have seen this very evidence, and yet they remain unconvinced by a success which has silenced the sturdiest of our own Protectionists. America, with all her shrewdness, cannot see her way to a policy so liberal as Free-trade. Perhaps she is too 'cute to be able to believe in any plan for getting rich which does not involve a little sharp practice against a neighbour. France, too, the country of science and theory, is obstinately blind to the proved soundness of Free-trade doctrines. Her own economists have laboured in vain to convert the people, and though there is every reason to suppose that the EMPEROR is free from the prejudices which he dares not disregard, the uninstructed millions, on whom he relies for support, are as doggedly Protectionist as if the fallacy of their creed had never been exposed by argument, or proved by actual experiment. It is perhaps natural that a people who steadily believe that our efforts for the suppression of the Slave-trade have had no other object than the diffusion of calico should assume that our Free-trade policy is only a very artful form of commercial monopoly. They don't pretend to know exactly how the Machiavellian scheme operates, but it is an axiom which is almost ineradicable from an ordinary French mind, that English policy must be narrow and selfish, and that any system under which we have thriven can only be based on insular exclusiveness. To say that by throwing down all barriers on our side we have flourished beyond expectation or example, and that we should be still more prosperous if France would follow our example, is enough to satisfy every peasant proprietor in the Empire that a policy

so beneficial to English commerce could not be otherwise than destructive of their native industry.

The fact that the EMPEROR has been asking from English farmers the results of their experience of Free-trade since 1846 has been taken as a symptom of an approaching change in the commercial policy of France; but it may be doubted whether the significance of the inquiry has not been overrated. That it is some indication of a desire on the part of the Government to follow in our steps may perhaps be assumed; but the real obstacle has hitherto been in the obstinacy of the agricultural and manufacturing interests, and we doubt whether prejudices which have resisted the accumulated proofs of the last twelve years will be shaken by the report of a Northumbrian farmer. No one, not even a Frenchman, who had investigated the subject at all, needed to be told that since the epoch of Free-trade farming had vastly improved, produce had been greatly increased, and rents had considerably risen. But the mass of the people, when they hear the answers which the EMPEROR has received to his circular, will be as little disposed as ever to admit the inference that a commercial policy under which England has prospered would prove equally advantageous to themselves. If France does not follow our example until the nation has become converted, Protection may continue supreme for many a year, and the only question of immediate interest is whether the EMPEROR will venture to force Free-trade upon his reluctant subjects. A monarch who has proscribed all who represent the intelligence of his country is obliged to deal tenderly with dulness, and cannot prudently offend prejudices which are supreme among the only classes whose allegiance is genuine. By timid steps, some little progress may gradually be made towards a rational commercial policy, but such a revolution as the abrogation of the present highly protective tariff can scarcely be expected while the opinion of the Imperialist section of the country is almost unanimous in favour of absolute prohibition. The hesitation with which the iron trade has been dealt with shows that LOUIS NAPOLEON, though anxious to modify, if not to abolish protection, is fully alive to the difficulty of the enterprise. A series of decrees, from 1853 to the present time, have introduced successive reductions in the tariff affecting raw and manufactured iron. The last of these decrees, which still left a very heavy discriminating duty, has been allowed to expire, and the influence of the ironmasters has as yet been sufficient to deter the Imperial Government from persisting in its feeble approaches to freedom of trade. An almost prohibitive tariff is once more in force, and the French ironmasters are restored to the enjoyment of something like a monopoly for the costly and inferior produce of their works. If we may rely on an apparently careful report which has appeared in the *Times* correspondence, the fluctuations in the prices under the different decrees have been almost as conclusive against the Protectionist policy as the answers received from Mr. GREY of Dilston, and one cannot expect that men who will not be taught by their own misfortunes will learn much from their neighbour's prosperity. With a MONTALEMBERT prosecution on his hands, it is no wonder that the EMPEROR is unwilling to add further to the number of his enemies; and while the holy crusade against intellect and independence calls for his utmost energies, manufacturers and agriculturists may rely on being permitted to enjoy, at any rate for a time, the fatal boon of protection which they are weak enough to value.

The difficulty of forcing men to be wise against their will is enormously aggravated, in the case of France, by the encouragement which has been given to the belief that the Imperial Administration has the power to secure the material prosperity of the country against the natural vicissitudes to which trade must always be exposed. A quack who undertakes to keep his patients in perennial health may well dread the responsibility of enforcing a new regimen, lest some inevitable attack of disease should be ascribed to the errors of his treatment. The EMPEROR has made a similar pretension to maintain the commerce of France in a condition of unbroken prosperity, and if a bold attempt to supersede a prohibitory system should be followed by one of those temporary checks which no sagacity can foresee or prevent, the misfortune would be certain to be attributed to the very measures which were designed to avert it. A brief period of depression, like that which our farmers passed through soon after the opening of our ports, would be fatal to such popularity as the Imperial Government still enjoys, and NAPOLEON III. is not in a position to risk even a momentary discredit for the sake of conferring lasting benefits on the trade of

France. Sooner or later the truth must no doubt prevail, when our liberal policy will be met by the reciprocity which the South Shields shipowners are anxious to enforce by a policy of retaliation; but it is useless to disguise the fact that the delusions of foreign Protectionists, and the selfish fears of absolute Governments, may long delay the fulfilment of our hopes. Meanwhile, we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that the folly of other countries cannot deprive us of the substantial fruits which we are already reaping from Free-trade, and we can well afford to wait for their adoption of a policy which is far more essential to their interests than to our own.

#### LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE ON TURKEY.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE'S speech at the inauguration of the Smyrna and Aidin Railway is probably the closing incident of his long Eastern career, and his parting advice to the Government which he has so long supported and controlled may perhaps explain to his numerous enemies the secret of his dreaded and envied influence. In conformity with the general opinions of his countrymen, the English Ambassador uniformly deprecated the forcible partition of the Turkish Empire, which is the only practicable alternative to the maintenance and improvement of the existing system. While irresponsible philanthropists were indulging fanciful sympathies of race and religion, with Russia steadily waiting for opportunities of interference and of aggrandizement, and in alternate concert and conflict with the capricious diplomacy of France, Lord DE REDCLIFFE was resolute in his determination to secure Turkey from disruption by the recommendation, and, as far as possible, by the enforcement, of needful reforms. Good advice is as unpopular at the Seraglio as in other Courts, and among private societies in all parts of the world; but the imperious counsellor, who was always rather feared than loved, represented the Power which alone possessed both the will and the means of protecting the country from foreign encroachment, and the Turks themselves learned by degrees that unpalatable advice might be friendly, as it was wholly sincere. In a more civilized country, incessant suggestions with respect to internal administration would have been at once useless and offensive, but the statesman who always supported the SULTAN against menaces from abroad acquired the right to urge the indispensable necessity of providing additional elements of strength at home. It is still uncertain whether the difficult task of regenerating the Empire will be accomplished in time to prevent disruption through the mutual animosities of the population, envenomed by the selfish intrigues of foreign Powers. If, however, Turkey is enabled to assume a position among the civilized States of Europe, the result will, in a great degree, be due to Lord DE REDCLIFFE's indefatigable efforts.

The national enthusiasm which forced on the late Russian war sufficiently proves that the Ambassador's policy harmonized with the general feeling of his country; but it must be admitted that among statesmen and professional politicians the approval of the Turkish alliance is by no means equally unanimous. Dislike of Mahometan supremacy, despair of ultimate success in maintaining the Ottoman rule, Philhellene tendencies handed down from the last generation, many prejudices and some plausible reasons, recommend to a considerable minority a system of non-interference with the tottering Empire in the East. It is not necessary on the present occasion to compare the arguments which may be urged on either side in the Turkish controversy. It is enough to say that Europe must choose between civil war, ending in foreign conquest and partition, and uncompromising support of the existing Government. The vast territories which own the supreme authority of the SULTAN can never be held together and rescued from the grasp of covetous neighbours under any other name, or in conformity with any arbitrary scheme of organization. The Ottoman dominion may be weak, barbarous, and unsatisfactory, but it possesses the paramount quality or condition of existence. Those who dream of a Greek Empire at Constantinople are supporting a chimera which is at present unreal, and which may prove to be impossible; and the probable result of a general revolution would be the formation of numerous petty States, not united even by a nominal federation. The necessary consequence—namely, that the great neighbouring Monarchies would interfere to profit by the confusion—will be acknowledged by all reasonable politicians. That order, and even improve-

ment, might possibly arise out of the chaos may be readily admitted, but a statesman who considered the danger greater than the prospect of advantage showed his wisdom by taking his stand decidedly and irrevocably on the system which he found in existence. The Power which disturbed the peace of the world on an absurd question of ecclesiastical trinkets, and then combined with England in resistance to Russian encroachments—which supported Russian pretensions in the Danubian Principalities, and excited frontier disturbances to the detriment of Turkey in Montenegro—may boast sometimes of the championship of the Latin Church, and on other occasions of zeal in maintaining Turkish independence; but France has yet an Eastern policy to devise, or to publish to the world. It may be profitable to crush a declining State, or prudent to promote its regeneration—it can never be wise or generous to combine annoyance and irritation with an ostentatious protection which is not altogether fictitious. Lord DE REDCLIFFE sympathized with the Christian subjects of the Porte at least as sincerely as any of the French or Russian colleagues who successively envied his supremacy; but he always supported the claims of the Rayahs on the ground that they coincided with the interests of the State, and not as revolutionary pretensions to be kept alive under the patronage of foreign Powers. With the aid of similar counsel and support, Poland might probably have avoided political annihilation; and it is doubtful whether a less energetic or consistent will could have postponed so long the success in Turkey of the same policy which proved fatal to Poland.

It would seem that Lord DE REDCLIFFE is not presumptuously confident in the ultimate triumph of his principles and exertions. No man better knows how troublesome the prosecution of an unswerving design may be found to changing Governments at home. At all periods of his career he has incurred unpopularity among his employers by an indifference to party convenience, and by a steady persistence in his own political designs. The interest and the inclination of England alike require the maintenance of Turkish independence, but the nation is not always equally ready to incur the necessary sacrifices. Future Ambassadors will not, it may be feared, find themselves in possession of the same independence, nor is it likely that their residence at Constantinople will be equally prolonged. The principal causes, however, for doubt or despondency are to be found in the weakness of the Turkish Government. The despotic constitution, which ought to facilitate administrative reforms, has no vigorous and determined character at its head. Many wise regulations are still allowed to remain inoperative, and Ministers selected by personal favouritism are unable or unwilling to carry out the policy of their master. Yet the failure of the experiment will afford no proof that it was a mistake to try it, and any trial would have been a waste of time and of energy if it had not been carried out in good faith, and with a resolute determination to succeed. To the small sect which would prescribe to England absolute passivity in the East, it may be a sufficient answer to point to a public speech in Asia Minor, delivered by a great English diplomatist to a body of English engineers who are engaged in applying English capital to the improvement of Turkish production and commerce.

#### THE DUKE OF ARGYLL ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE Duke of ARGYLL is entitled, by position and ability, to follow the example of the numerous public personages who have lately delivered to such audiences as they could collect their opinions on things in general. It is asserted by sanguine promoters of Church Extension that every new church creates for itself a congregation, and it seems that every public hall which is erected produces a similar demand for political and literary discourses. It may be doubted whether the English genius is especially adapted to the production of lay sermons without a text, and confined to no particular topic; but peers and members of Parliament have, during several recent autumns, exerted themselves with commendable industry to gratify the popular taste for didactic oratory. The Duke of ARGYLL, having been invited to inaugurate the new Market Hall at Dundee, suffered under the disadvantage of speaking in November, when the lecturing season had already lasted for nearly two months. It was consequently impossible, without obvious plagiarism, to recommend the study of mathematical treatises on one side, or of novels on the other; and the

DUKE judiciously left the choice of studies to those who will not fail to exercise their own discretion, if they think fit to study at all. It was difficult, under these circumstances, to fill up the allotted hour, and the task might have been found impossible if the oration had been confined to any definite subject; but Athenaeum audiences are largely tolerant of inevitable deviations from the unity which belongs to rhetorical art. The markets are to be held in the new building at Dundee, and therefore it was an appropriate matter of congratulation that agriculture was flourishing, that the late harvest was abundant, and that the Corn-laws only exist as a tradition which may excite the complacency of a free-trading and prosperous generation. At other times the Hall is to be devoted to music, to lectures, and to the recreation and instruction of the general population, and it was impossible that an enlightened nobleman could fail to sympathize with objects so laudable and popular. The suggestion that public readings should occasionally be substituted for lectures deserves consideration from the managers of all similar institutions. Mr. DICKENS's example may advantageously be followed by rhapsodists who will have no Christmas Carols of their own composition to compete with higher and more solid specimens of literature; and if the experiment succeeds, public speakers may perhaps be occasionally relieved from their present duty of making intellectual bricks for local taskmasters who never trouble themselves to inquire as to the supply of straw.

Having thrown out this practical hint, the Duke of ARGYLL remembered that Scotch assemblies cannot disperse without the customary tribute to BURNS, to WATT, and to HUGH MILLER; and by the time that Lord MACAULAY's New Zealander had failed to answer the customary challenge, or to find a ruined arch of London-bridge on which to take his seat, half the allotted term was satisfactorily disposed of, and it only remained to talk politics for thirty minutes more. For four or five years the French alliance has occupied a recognised place in all ornamental orations from platforms and at dinner-tables, but the change of tone in all recent references to the Imperial system is at the same time amusing and instructive. The connexion between despotism and the divine right founded on universal suffrage has become as intelligible to all reasonable men as it was from the first obvious to the few politicians who are in the habit of forming judgments for themselves. The Duke of ARGYLL exactly represents the true public opinion of the moment when he warns his hearers against the attempt to copy the institutions either of France or of America, and it is well that the inhabitants of Dundee should receive with respect from a noble lecturer arguments which would probably be drowned in a storm of disapprobation if they were used at a political meeting, and professedly directed against Parliamentary Reform. The alarm which has been occasioned by Mr. BRIGHT's revolutionary speeches has awakened constitutional theorists and amateurs to the true meaning of their own liberal professions. It is understood that the only possible changes must have a democratic tendency, and that the best Reform Bill will be that which does least to degrade the character of the House of Commons.

The political portion of the Duke of ARGYLL's speech was intended as an apology for the existing Constitution, and it was not difficult to point out many serious inaccuracies in the notorious Birmingham manifesto. One of the most pacific members of the peace-loving House of Lords, and of Lord ABERDEEN's peace-loving Cabinet, naturally protested against the charge that the aristocracy and the Governments whom they support are especially prone to enter into unnecessary wars. The error of the Minister of 1853 consisted in the ostentatious exhibition of a slackness which tended equally to encourage Russian encroachment and to render domestic irritation uncontrollable. Mr. BRIGHT well knew how fully Lord ABERDEEN shared his own inclinations for peace, and how largely the ultimate rupture was attributable to the imprudent honesty of official language. That the overthrow of the Constitution would not tend to the establishment of a pacific policy is an undeniable conclusion, but in political controversies it is seldom prudent to accept an issue under the precise form which is tendered by the adversary. Mr. BRIGHT's logic may be at fault, but he has a definite object to effect, and his purpose may possibly be furthered by the exposure of the fallacies which he may incidentally put forward, or of inconsistencies which affect his individual opinions. When the Roman mob found that they had not got CINNA the conspirator to tear to pieces, they tore CINNA the poet for his bad verses; and the patriots of Birmingham would as

willingly denounce the Peers for want of warlike ardour as for their supposed project of making their fortunes in the Crimean campaign. All the propensities which Mr. BRIGHT attributed to the objects of his hostility are, in truth, eminently popular, and highly characteristic of the class in whose presence they were denounced. Dukes and Earls, from frequent association with foreigners, and from the partial isolation which belongs to their rank, are more cosmopolitan, more tolerant, and perhaps less instinctively patriotic than the bulk of their countrymen; but an intelligent member of their order ought to know that it is better to acquiesce in Mr. BRIGHT's imputations than to defend the Peerage on the ground of its sympathy with the Peace Society.

On the whole, however, the Dundee address is creditable, and may possibly have been useful. The conventional exclusion of political controversies from the platform or lecture-room sometimes answers one of the purposes which justify the practice of anonymous journalism. Party politicians, throwing off their character for the time, and feeling responsible to themselves alone, are allowed and expected to tell a portion of the truth to an audience which is supposed to be impartial; and even the commonplaces and truisms which form a part of all orations of the kind prepare the minds of the hearers for a ready assent to propositions which, at other times, might provoke prejudice and opposition. That Free-trade is successful—that recreation is desirable—that Mr. BRIGHT's charges are calumnious—are statements which by no means follow from each other by any logical connexion; but assertions made by the same speaker at the same place and time are generally found to command the same degree of credence.

#### MANNING THE NAVY.

ADMIRAL BERKELEY has found, at the Bristol celebration of the COLSTON Charities, a not very appropriate occasion to revive his old dispute with Mr. KINGSCOTE as to the merits of the Continuous Service Regulations of 1853, and to commence a new contest on the same subject with no less an authority than Lord HARDWICKE. It is the prerogative of a BERKELEY never to be wrong; and it is therefore quite natural that all who venture to differ from the Admiral should be disposed of in a rather summary fashion. Mr. KINGSCOTE is set down as a gentleman who has been writing on a subject of which he knows nothing; and Lord HARDWICKE's unfavourable estimate of the strength of our navy is explained by his official desire to put his hands in the taxpayers' pockets. Nothing could be more agreeable than to give full credit to Admiral BERKELEY's accuracy, and to rely on his assurance that our navy is still, as it should be, superior to all others in material, ships, and men. But if this be so, why has not Lord HARDWICKE found it out? And why have we a Commission sitting to devise some better plan for securing an adequate supply of seamen? The question how the fleet is to be manned is so vital, and the answers to it have, up to the present time, been so unsatisfactory, that no one can regret that it should be again and again brought under discussion; but it is doubtful whether much good can result from the kind of controversy into which Mr. KINGSCOTE and Admiral BERKELEY have plunged. It is not pleasant to be trifled with on a subject of serious interest, and people who are anxious to hear of any solution to a national difficulty will naturally object to a style of argument in which a telling repartee or a cutting sarcasm is thought of more account than a useful suggestion.

Mr. KINGSCOTE has interested himself so warmly in the troubles of the Deal boatmen, that he must be supposed to know as well as any of the men themselves why they either could not or would not seek an asylum in the navy. Admiral BERKELEY should be at least an equally good authority on the official side. There ought to be something to be learned from a dispute between such champions; but all that it seems possible to pick out of it is, that any statement made by the one is safe to be contradicted by the other. As far as verbal accuracy goes, the Admiral has, perhaps—as with his means of information he ought to have—the best of it; but when all is said, it is difficult to believe that there is not a real grievance of some sort at the bottom of the affair. We have certain leading facts at least beyond question. A body of hardy boatmen—the very stuff to make a first-rate crew of—are in serious distress at a time when the Admiralty is at its wit's end to man the fleet. We do not speak only of the present moment, though it is notorious that the promised Channel

Fleet has dwindled down, for want of men, to four or five half-manned ships. But the difficulties of the Deal boatmen are of long growth, and must have been about as great during the Russian war as they are now. Yet these men refuse for the most part to enter the navy; and even those who did give it a trial during the war, show no disposition to sail under the QUEEN's flag again. Whatever Admiral BERKELEY may say about the success of the continuous service regulations, there must be something wrong in a system which makes starvation and the workhouse more attractive than the naval service to a race of amphibious coastmen.

It is not easy to get at the real reason of the repugnance of the Deal boatmen to the navy. Mr. KINGSCOTE has his theory about it, which represents the men as eager to serve their country, but then it must be on their own terms. Most of us, perhaps, are willing to do the same. Whether the terms of the beach-men would be reasonable or otherwise does not appear, but it is clear that the Admiralty offers are not sufficient to tempt them. The first story, that a proposal by the Deal men in a body to man a ship was rejected, shrank in the course of the controversy to the less definite intimation that they would have been ready for the work had any inducement been offered them. But it is not pretended that they manifest at present any alacrity to enter the navy, and Mr. KINGSCOTE attributes the revulsion of feeling to the treatment experienced by those among them who did volunteer during the Russian war. He tells us—mainly, we suppose, from the assertions of the men themselves—that they were discharged without any reward for their hard service, and were not permitted to remain except on condition of entering for at least ten years certain. Admiral BERKELEY denies that a single man of good character and physical ability, who desired to remain in the service, was discharged at the close of the Russian war. To this Mr. KINGSCOTE replies that thousands were discharged (which is notoriously true), and that so large a number of bad or incompetent men could not, or should not, have been found in the service. But it is quite possible that thousands may have desired to be discharged, and we are by no means satisfied that the Deal boatmen were not among them, though it would have made the matter clearer if the Admiral had said distinctly whether continuous service was or was not imposed as a condition of remaining.

The other specific grievances alleged on behalf of the Deal men shrink into moderate dimensions when examined. A payment of 2*l.* by each man or boy for an outfit, and certain official regulations as to age and height, were described as among the reasons which deterred the men from entering; but the outfit proves to be required only from boys, and the standard applies only to landsmen, so that there is nothing to prevent any adult sailor from taking service if he has a taste for it. The difficulty with many of these beach-men seems to be one peculiar to themselves. Notwithstanding their familiarity with the sea, and the courage for which they are renowned, the Deal boatmen are not sailors, though they are the very best material for sailors. They cannot satisfy the conditions that would entitle them to a high rating, and they know their own inherent value too well to put up with a low one. But this cannot be the whole explanation; for if anything certain is to be gathered from Mr. KINGSCOTE's letters, it is that such of the men as have become qualified by their previous service in the navy are most of all reluctant to enter now. Neither outfit-money, nor regulation standard of height, nor the want of qualification for a high rating can be the obstacle in such cases, and the only other reason suggested is the dislike of continuous service which the Deal men probably share in common with a great many other seafaring men. Admiral BERKELEY insists that the experiment has worked admirably—to which Mr. KINGSCOTE replies that the Admiral is only trying to prop up a system which has failed, and for which he is to a great extent responsible. But retorts of this kind do not help much. If Mr. KINGSCOTE can suggest some more feasible plan for securing crews for the fleet at any moment when they may be wanted, the Commission will no doubt be glad enough to hear his proposal; but if not, it is neither wise nor patriotic to indulge in vague declamation against the only scheme which seems likely ever to provide the country with a permanent force of seamen. It is not enough to be able to man one ship one month, and another the next. We must have the means of manning a fleet at the shortest notice, and without a force permanently enrolled, it is difficult to see how this can be managed. Nothing but mischief can be done by asking such clap-trap questions as that with which Mr. KING-

COTE concluded his reply—whether we are to return to impressment, or to follow Admiral BERKELEY's recommendation and persevere in the system of continuous service, or to adopt Mr. KINGSCOTE's own suggestion of "doing ample" justice to "our gallant seamen." Notwithstanding Lord HARDWICKE's reluctance to give up the right of impressment, it is not likely that the press-gang will ever again be seen in activity; and it is not very clear why Mr. KINGSCOTE's sound but hazy advice as to doing justice could not be made quite consistent with continuous service. Granting that the men do not like it on the terms now offered (and, in spite of what Admiral BERKELEY may say, we are afraid the fact is too notorious to be doubted), it must surely be as possible to do justice to a sailor who takes service for ten years as to a soldier who enlists for the same or a longer period; and as the prejudices of some thousands have already yielded to the very moderate temptations held out by the present regulations, we do not see why some improvement in the terms should not make continuous service as much in favour with seamen as it is with the Admiralty.

Mr. KINGSCOTE thinks it very disgraceful to the authorities that our sailors should prefer the American navy to our own; but the explanation is simple enough, and points to one method, though rather a costly one, by which we might perhaps at any time secure as many men as we please. The American pay is very much higher than the rates of the British service, and it is not unlikely that some additional pecuniary attractions, whether in the shape of pay or pension, would overcome much of the reluctance now felt to enter for any considerable term. A sailor no doubt prefers to ship for one voyage only, under a captain of his own selection. So would a soldier like to choose his own campaign and his own officers, with leave to go home when the affair was over, should he find the life irksome. But this casual way of supplying the navy will not suffice without some means in the background of filling up occasional gaps. Continuous service is, in fact, the substitute for the press-gang; and, if combined with generous treatment of the men in other particulars, it must surely recommend itself in the long run, however much a sailor may prefer the less severe restraint of a single cruise followed by liberty ashore till all his pay is spent and he is forced to seek another ship. It is difficult to get at the exact results of the experiment up to the present time, but though we are disposed to think that the continuous service system is as yet to some extent a failure, we hope that the Commission will be able to suggest some means of making it less unpopular; for it is almost impossible to conceive any other effectual way of manning the Navy.

#### ANONYMOUS JOURNALISM.

M. GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC is incomparably the most damaging advocate that any cause ever yet had. The astounding impudence which prompts a man to denounce anonymous writing who had the advantage of a friendly obscurity till infamy and publicity came upon him at once, can only be matched by the gross stupidity which challenges a comparison between the honour, the purity, and the ability of French political literature under its past and under its present régime. His wonderful effrontry has, however, one advantage. It may serve to direct our attention to the exact nature of the ground which must be occupied by those who wish to assimilate our own to the French system of journalism. It is important to bear in mind what the exact proposal before us is. It is nothing less than that it should be forbidden by Act of Parliament for any one to enter upon political or, we presume, literary discussion unless he chooses to attach his name to his speculations. Now it is an established maxim of the most indisputable wisdom that penal laws are in themselves an evil, and that they ought only to be passed in order to avoid greater evils. It may or may not be perfectly true that in particular casesmen are bound to acknowledge their anonymous productions. It may or may not be true that there are grave objections to the habit of concealing the fact that a person employs part of his time in anonymous composition; but it by no means follows that it would be desirable to turn the moral into a legal obligation. All the commonplace objections to anonymous journalism are really arguments, not for a compulsory signature of newspaper articles, but against the habit of making a mystery of their authorship. Before a practice is made penal it must be shown to be criminal. It is not enough to show that it is liable to abuse. It is unquestionably true that a man may make use of the power of anonymous writing for every sort of base purpose, and that he may, by studiously concealing from all the world the fact that he contributes to a newspaper, enable himself to stab in the dark the characters of those with whom he associates on apparently friendly terms; but it certainly does not follow that anonymous writing ought to be forbidden. To the end of time there will be underhand and treacherous persons in society, who will find in every social usage the means of gratify-

ing their propensities; but all our English ways of thinking and acting must be set aside together if we are to try to reform men's minds by restraining their external freedom of action. The man who at present would slander his friend because he can write anonymously, would find no difficulty, if signatures were compulsory, in getting some convenient agent to father his slanders. The only consequence of such a law as is suggested would be the production of a class of *âmes damnées* attached to every paper, who would, as the French say, "receive their inspirations" from writers of greater weight who wished to be anonymous. Unless the law went so far as to say that it should be unlawful for any one writer in a paper to make use, in anything that he might write, of the suggestions, oral or written, of any other writer, it would be simply futile. The distinguished Mr. A., who wished to attack the distinguished Mr. B., would find it expedient to write a private letter, stating his views, to Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones, who would probably be base enough to make that communication the foundation of an article of which he would be so shameless as to claim the merit. It is, indeed, notorious that a system of this kind is widely adopted in France, notwithstanding all the legal provisions on the subject.

Whilst the proposed law would be utterly useless for all the purposes which it is intended to accomplish, it would have the most serious inconveniences. The fact that journalism is anonymous raises a presumption in favour of its continuing to be so. There is nothing to prevent people from signing their names to what they write, and why do they not do so? Are they all liars and cowards? Surely the character of what is written sufficiently rebuts any such absurd belief. Every one who knows anything of the matter knows that in fact men do not conceal their connexion with particular newspapers or reviews. Hundreds of people are well acquainted with the names of the principal contributors to the principal London papers, and could give a pretty good guess, from the nature of the subjects treated, as to the particular articles to be ascribed to any particular man. This circumstance in itself constitutes a very considerable guarantee for courtesy, propriety, and justice in the treatment of the subjects handled. A man of honour and spirit would not allow his name to be permanently connected with a paper which habitually published discreditable articles. If it is true that a sort of corporate authority occasionally attaches to weak writing (a supposition singularly uncomplimentary to newspaper readers), it is no less true that a corporate responsibility for the proceedings, and a corporate jealousy for the credit of newspapers, exist amongst the contributors to them, and constitute a most important element both in the discretion and in the talent with which they are conducted.

If articles in newspapers were to bear the signature of their authors, several inconveniences would follow which are not very apparent at first sight. At present, journalism is open to the world, and many persons give part of their time to it who have other pursuits on which they set more value, but which, from circumstances, leave leisure at their disposal. Almost every profession is represented in the higher class of London newspapers. Members of Parliament, holders of official positions, lawyers, clergymen, doctors, members of all the more intelligent classes, contribute to their columns with more or less frequency. The sentiment which induces persons of this kind to wish not to parade their names before the world precisely resembles the sentiment which induces occasional correspondents to preserve an incognito. A man who has a public or professional position prefers to be anonymous, not because he is ashamed of what he writes, but because his writings form only a parenthesis in his avocations, and are not part of his main business. It would be in every way most disastrous to put any check upon the connexion of this class of men with journalism, for the consequence would be that journalists would come to form a distinct caste decisively marked off from other professions. To a certain small extent this has already taken place. The lighter kinds of literature are principally cultivated by men who devote themselves exclusively to producing matter of that sort, and the consequence is that a most unfortunate divorce has taken place between light literature and practical life. Something of the same kind would infallibly take place if journalism were to be formed into a regular profession distinct from all others. It is not a wholesome thing for any man to devote his whole attention to talking, criticising, and arguing. The anxieties and responsibilities of active life are indispensable to the formation of just opinions upon any important branch of human affairs; and in their absence, a journalist is almost sure to be a prey to that most fatal sort of vanity which arises from the union of cleverness with inexperience. He is apt to think that, because he can talk and write in a brilliant manner, he is able to undertake the management of affairs at a moment's notice, or to express the most confident opinion upon the merits of those who do manage them, though he is often a most unfair judge of the difficulties in which they may have been involved. The vehemence with which Mr. Dickens has attacked the executive Government, is one case in point. The violence with which Mr. Russell wrote from the Crimea, where he probably saw war for the first time, compared with the judgment and forbearance which he displays in his letters from India, where he carried experience of what war really is, furnishes perhaps even a stronger illustration of the same thing. France, however, supplies the best illustration of the evils of cutting off journalists from sympathy with the ordinary transactions of business. During the palmy days of Louis Philippe

journalism was not only the most distinctive profession in which a man could embark, but it was also one of the most exclusive, and one of the most if not the very most powerful. Probably no stronger proof could be adduced than was given by the history of that reign, of the truth of the proposition that mere journalism is as bad a preparation for political life as anything that can claim to be considered a preparation at all. The want of forbearance, the want of quiet sense, the want of acquaintance with human nature in general, and with their own countrymen in particular, which signified the brilliant *publicistes* of that period, are fresh in the minds of all, and were amongst the most important of the causes to which the downfall of French liberty must be ascribed. It deserves to be remembered in connexion with this, as a most significant fact, that long before the present law which enforces signatures, was passed in France, the custom of signing articles, or of taking other means of giving a wide publicity to the names of their authors, prevailed very extensively. The vanity which is so strong a characteristic of the nation delighted in publicity and notoriety, as much as the somewhat fastidious sense of personal dignity which prevails in this country shrank from it. We can imagine few things more undesirable than to attempt to overthrow by legislation a feeling so natural to Englishmen, and in some respects so laudable.

There is one argument upon the subject which we may once more notice by way of conclusion, and which is remarkable principally for its exquisite *naïveté*, not to say absurdity. Articles, it is said, should be signed, because we should then be able to know their value. Put the painter's name to the picture, that we may tell whether it is a good one—tell me who made your boots, and I will tell whether they pinch—would be demands exactly as reasonable. If, indeed, a leading article stated facts or conclusions without argument, the name of the writer might be of some importance. If, for example, we read in the *Times* some morning a leader in these words—"Affairs in India are in a very bad state," it would make all the difference in the world whether the opinion was given by a wise man or by a foolish one. But if the article went on (as such articles invariably do) to state the reasons upon which such an opinion rested, it would become utterly immaterial whether the article proceeded from the best known or the least known person in the country. The soul of all discussion is that it is an appeal to the reason. By the system of signing articles the appeal would be laid, not before the reason, but before the imagination, and the whole spirit of the discussion would be destroyed. The change would in fact be a change of the most aristocratic character. It would give a degree of influence altogether absurd to a few well-known writers, and would put the greatest difficulty in the way of the reception of opinions backed by less influential names. As to the accuracy of the facts stated, the guarantee which at present exists would be greatly weakened by the signature of articles, for the corporate authority of the conductors of the paper would be merged in the personal authority of the author of the article. Where a newspaper makes a misstatement as to a matter of fact, it seriously injures itself. If the responsibility of such a misstatement attached only to Mr. A., B., or C., the care bestowed on the subject would be enormously lessened.

#### CHALK, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

SCIENTIFIC research iterates and reiterates one moral—*Der Macht des Kleinen*—the greatness of little things, and the importance not only of the minute study of facts, but of the study of minute facts. One can imagine the contempt with which the "practical men" of the last century listened to the news that a bitter controversy was raging between two Italian philosophers as to the reason why a frog's leg twitches under certain circumstances; and yet therein lay the bud of the electric telegraph and Elkington's plate, and numerous other undertakings in which the practical man of the present day, though as averse as his ancestors to every investigation whose fruits are not immediately visible, is very happy to invest his money. The study of snowballs, piecrust, and squeezed wax has led the physical philosopher to comprehend two of the greatest of natural phenomena—the cleavage of rocks and the structure of glaciers. A century ago, the collecting of fossils was regarded as an occupation of about the same dignity as the accumulation of old chinas. Now, the coal-miner risks his capital upon the strength of the evidence they afford, and the landed proprietors of some of our eastern counties pocket many thousand pounds every year by selling the phosphatic fossils whose nature was first pointed out to them by a country clergyman who happened to be a man of science. And not only does the gradual widening and perfecting of our view of nature bring with it a respect for the influence of the study of minute facts on the advancement of knowledge and the bettering of man's estate, but it tells us that, apart from all consideration of man and his wants, minute and seemingly most insignificant agents have played a mighty part in the history of our globe. The semi-miraculous catastrophes to whose aid, in the earlier days of geological speculation, philosophers were wont to resort for the explanation of all engineering difficulties in world-architecture, are falling into discredit. No modern Whiston appeals to comets for assistance, and *debacles* are out of fashion. Linnaeus said with truth that a blowfly would consume the carcase of a horse faster than a lion; and the modern naturalist might in like manner enunciate an equally

true apparent paradox—that, give an invisible animalcule time, and it will produce a greater amount of change in physical geography than a deluge powerful enough to sweep the Himalayas into the plains of Hindostan.

Everybody knows what white chalk is. If he has not rejoiced, when homeward-bound, at the sight of the white line which tells him of a soil free from passports, and *octroi*, and *avertisements*—if he is not an artist, or a popular lecturer, or a London milkman—he is at any rate familiar with “whitening,” which is only a purified form of chalk. Now this chalk is found in patches over a vast area of Europe, more than a thousand miles long and eight hundred miles broad, from the north of Ireland to the Black Sea, and from Sweden to the south of France, and everywhere exhibits similar characteristics. On the small scale it is a friable substance, almost wholly composed of carbonate of lime, easily rubbed into powder, and forming with water a milky mud. Viewed *en masse* it attains many hundred feet in thickness, and its upper surface is moulded into gently undulating, swelling downs—dry, thinly coated with soil, and covered with short sweet pasture, convertible into the best of mutton.

There is usually little trace of bedding in these great calcareous masses, but very commonly they are divided by parallel layers of dints inclosed within their substance at tolerably regular intervals, and giving a false appearance of stratification. The flints are almost pure silica, like quartz or rock crystal. They are excessively irregular in size and form, sometimes lying quite separate from one another, as detached nodules, sometimes forming great plates, continuous for hundreds of yards; but however they may vary in this respect, they always agree in one character—their angles and edges are perfect, and they never exhibit the slightest trace of having been rolled or transported from a distance. On the other hand, there is the clearest possible evidence that they have been formed where they are; for the chalk contains numerous fossils (among which sponges and sea-urchins are common) which are peculiar to and characteristic of it, being never found anywhere else; and it continually happens that a flint is found which, wholly or partially, encloses one of these fossils. The fossil itself may be silicified, or it may merely have served as the mould into which the flint has been run, if one may so speak, and then have disappeared, leaving a flint cast of its own interior. Or it may be half silicified and imbedded in flint and half not, as if the flint had once been soft and pasty, like plaster of Paris, and the fossil had been stuck into it while in that state. The association of flints with chalk is anything but invariable; but it has been observed that the more the flints the purer the chalk in which they are embedded—chalk without flints being usually unfit for commercial use, in consequence of the quantity of silica diffused through its substance.

So long as the study of geology was confined to a few brilliant speculators, the nature of this wonderful deposit received little elucidation; but as long ago as 1835, it occurred to Mr. Lonsdale, one of the members of that body—the Geological Society of London—which has done so much more than any other to render geology worthy of the name of science, to see whether the mass of the chalk did not contain something else beside the comparatively few and scanty ordinarily known fossil remains. By the help of a scrubbing-brush he rubbed up a piece of chalk into water, and then, pouring off the milky fluid in which all the finer particles were suspended, he examined with a magnifier the coarser sediment which remained at the bottom. To his no small surprise, he found that this was made up of multitudes of small shells, some belonging to minute marine crustaceans—remote allies of the large crabs and cray-fish, whose shells and claws are found fossil in the chalk, but the greater part composed of the calcareous skeletons of *Foraminifera*—creatures so small that on an average a hundred would lie in the length of an inch, and so simple in their organization that the best microscope and all the means and appliances of the modern anatomist have failed to reveal more structure in their bodies than might be found in a particle of calf’s foot jelly of the same size. Nevertheless the forms of their shells are exquisitely regular and beautiful, and sometimes the arrangement of their many chambers is not a little complex.

A few years later, the well-known microscopist of Berlin, Professor Ehrenberg, carried the physical analysis of chalk still further, by showing that even the milky fluid which Mr. Lonsdale had poured off contains multitudes of minute organisms, some with silicious skeletons, but for the most part calcareous like the others. Consequently, after a long series of examinations, he announced the conclusion that most, if not all, white chalk consists of the shells of minute animals, either entire or in fragments, and in such vast numbers that at least a million of entire skeletons may be computed to exist in a cubic inch, bound together by the fine powder resulting from the disaggregation of their fellows and of other calcareous organisms. Forty or fifty different kinds or species of these *Foraminifera* may be distinguished, and of these the name of one called *Globigerina bulloides* is particularly worthy of the reader’s recollection, for a reason which will shortly appear.

At the period in which the chalk was deposited, not one of the ordinary and conspicuous inhabitants of our present world existed. The shores of the cretaceous era were not strown with the shells we find on our beaches—its fishes were not our fishes, nor its corals our corals. The pedigree of not one of the higher animals of our time can be traced back further than the epoch at which the clay that lies above the chalk was deposited.

They are mushroom creatures, therefore, compared with such “raal ould” families as the *Globigerina* and many of his fellows, which flourished then as they do now, and, to the discredit of the Progression Theory, show as little advance upon their ancestors as any other “tenth transmitter of a foolish face.” In human history, it has often been observed that the descendants of great men become rapidly extinct, and the world’s records show in like manner that the higher a race of animals the shorter its duration. The great flying and swimming lizards of the cretaceous epoch have ceased to exist for long ages, while the humble microscopic *Globigerina* is doing his work at this moment at the bottom of the Atlantic, and building up a modern chalk over an area almost as great as that covered by the ancient deposit.

This curious and interesting fact has been brought to light in the course of the sounding operations which were executed last year by Commander Dayman, of H.M.S. *Cyclops*, while engaged, under the direction of the Hydrographer, in paving the way for the late attempt to establish a telegraphic communication between England and America, by ascertaining the depth of the bottom on which the cable would have to lie. A most ingenious apparatus, originally invented by an American naval officer, Lieutenant Brooke—consisting essentially of a hollow rod, provided with a valve—was employed to bring up portions of the bottom from the immense depths, amounting in some cases to fourteen thousand feet, or more than two miles and a half, of the mid-ocean. The specimens, carefully preserved, both dry and in spirit, have been brought home, and submitted to careful investigation. The results are most singular and interesting. Near either shore, and seawards down to a depth of about two thousand feet, the composition of the sea-bottom varies greatly. It may be sandy, or gravelly, or muddy, and the forms of *Foraminifera* observed amount to thirty or forty species. They are the more numerous the shallower the water, and *Globigerina* is comparatively infrequent. But in deeper water the sea bottom acquires a singular uniformity, consisting of a soft oozy mud, which dries nearly white, crumbles down under the fingers, and forms a milky fluid with water. Examined chemically, more than nine-tenths of this substance turn out to be carbonate of lime, while the microscope shows that it consists almost wholly of the skeletons of *Globigerina bulloides*, many of which retain their animal contents. There may be eight or nine other kinds of *Foraminifera* scattered amongst the *Globigerina*, but they are comparatively rare. The portion of the deposit which is not carbonate of lime consists of a few minute fragments of inorganic mineral substance, and the silicious shells of minute animals and plants. This deposit extends over a space of more than a thousand miles from east to west. The northern and southern limits are not known, but a substance of precisely similar nature has been obtained by Commander Dayman six hundred miles to the south of the telegraphic line, between the Azores and the Channel; so that not only in composition, but in geographical extent, the modern may challenge comparison with the ancient chalk. It presents differences, however, which must not be overlooked. The Atlantic soundings contain no sea-urchins, nor shells of bivalves, or other mollusks; and the predominance of one kind of foraminiferous shells is far more marked than in the true chalk. But all these circumstances are readily explicable by the difference in the depth at which the deposit of the chalk may have taken place; and the resemblances are so close as to justify the belief that the study of the mode in which the deep-sea soundings are being formed will enable us to understand what took place so many ages ago in the cretaceous sea.

It has been supposed that the calcareous skeletons of the *Globigerina* have been drifted to the vast depths at which they are found by ocean currents, since it is very difficult with our present ideas of the conditions under which vitality is possible to comprehend how they can live at such great depths. But the notion that the *Globigerina* have drifted is at once negatived by the facts that they are fewer in proportion in shallow water—that they are, in the average, much heavier than the *Foraminifera* of shallower water, their shells being singularly thick—and that, nevertheless, the mud of the deep water is quite free from the shallow-water forms. The *Globigerina* must, therefore, either fall down from the surface of the sea, or live at the bottom. Starting as the former proposition seems, it is a very possible alternative, for many of the silicious organisms which are mixed up with the *Globigerina* are undoubtedly the hard cases of dwellers at the surface, and are constantly found in the stomachs of animals which swim only at the very top of the open sea. But the *Globigerina* have not hitherto been found at the surface, and they are always finer and larger in deep water; so that there seems no way of escaping the conclusion that they really live and die at the bottom. However this may be, it is certain that at the present moment (and probably the same operation has been going on from the beginning of the present condition of things) thousands of square miles of the floor of the Atlantic are being covered with a substance which, if it were raised up and dried, would go by the name of chalk, and would present the same general microscopic constituents as that substance, though it would differ in their proportions.

It is curious to note how, even in some minor particulars, the Atlantic deposit corresponds with chalk, and how the one helps to explain the other. Foreign matters, such as stones or wood, are very rare in the latter, though they sometimes occur, and the endeavour to account for them has been the origin of much ingenious speculation. Trees, as every one knows, constantly float out to sea,

and there, becoming water-logged, sink to the bottom; stones are not uncommonly entangled in their roots, and would be carried with the trees. In fact, it is well known that the natives of the stoneless coral islets of the Pacific sometimes profit by this circumstance to obtain the hard materials which point their weapons from the roots of drift-wood. Mineral masses of any size are of as rare occurrence in the Atlantic deposit, but small fragments of rock have more than once come up in the sounding machine. How they came there is not known, but it is not difficult to account for them on very reasonable grounds, and even for very large blocks, if evidence of the existence of such should be met with; for large quantities of such materials must be annually scattered over the sea-bottom by the icebergs or shore-ice which, at the breaking up of the northern ice of Greenland and Northwest America, float away for great distances, and melting, deposit their load of dirt and rock in far southern regions. Large-sized fragments of basalt, slate, quartz, and granite have occasionally been found in the chalk; and Mr. Godwin Austen has lately, with much acuteness, argued that the carrier of a remarkable mass of granite and sand recently found in the chalk near Croydon must have been the same great geologic Pickford.

Existing conditions, then, will easily enough explain the accumulation of the calcareous elements of chalk, but the flints are not so readily to be accounted for. Nothing like them has yet been met with in modern deposits, and the mode in which they have been formed is as yet a mystery. In many cases flints present a curious structure in parts of their substance, which so closely resembles the reticulated tissue of sponge that there can be little doubt that the siliceous matter has, in this case, inclosed some such marine body. It by no means follows, however, that all flints have been deposited in sponges, and, in fact, no sponge-tissue can be detected in many flints. Nor is there the slightest ground for supposing its presence necessary to silicaification, since, without the intermediation of a particle of sponge, and in all rocks, wood, shells, bones, and the like may be completely converted into silex—every particle of their original substance being replaced by another of silica, which takes its precise form and place, so that the minutest details of structure are preserved.

The agency of Hot Springs charged with silica has been called in to account for the flints, though how such an agency is to explain the formation of a mass of detached nodules, scattered through an eminently porous and permeable mass, we know not. With far more probability the formation of flints may be regarded as one of those cases of molecular re-arrangement of a mixed mass of which many other examples are known. Iron-stone nodules, the septaria of the London clay, the calcareous concretions of marly rocks, are probably all the results of a segregative power similar to that which, it is said, sometimes takes place in the clayey paste of which porcelain is made, and which is principally composed of silica and alumina thoroughly mixed, and in a very fine state of division. If left too long, the particles of silica gather together into knobs and granules, and the paste is spoiled. Now, chalk may be regarded as a mixture of carbonate of lime and silica in a very fine state of division, and it would seem as if the silica had withdrawn itself from the mass of the chalk to aggregate around particular centres, probably often furnished by organic bodies, and thus form flints; and for anything we know to the contrary, the same thing may be now going on at the bottom of the Atlantic.

Our exordium pointed a moral, and the peroration may well do the like, for it is worth while to note the identity of commercial and scientific interests. Galvani and Volta with their frogs, Oersted with his needles and wires, Faraday and Wheatstone with their wide researches in abstract science, have conferred on commerce the vast practical benefit of the electric telegraph. Commerce, in return, scrapes up the bottom of an ocean two miles and a half deep, and helps science to interpret the hieroglyphic history graven upon the everlasting rocks. Would that the two would always remember that each is the other's best friend!

#### THE PENNY WEEKLY PRESS.\*

WE have here a curious group:—

..... facies non omnibus una,  
Nec diversa tamen, qualis debet esse sororum.

And as in many, perhaps in most, families, although there is an undoubted family-likeness, it is a hard thing to say what the common feature or characteristic of the circle is. One or two members of this domestic party exhibit some more pronounced traces of individuality, just as some forward Master or Miss sets up for being a character. *Town Talk* may stand for the fast brother, and the *Sunday at Home* for the serious young lady; but as for the rest, it is as in families—for the life of one there is no distinguishing between Miss Mary and Miss Jane. All are in white muslin, and all pretty behaved; all have something to say, but that something is not only a small something, but the topics are much the same all round; and, as in country town ball-rooms, it seems as if the small-talk and the ribbons of the sisters were all cut off the same piece. The wonder then is, in looking through the first

\* 1. *Family Herald*, No. 809. 2. *The London Journal*, No. 715. 3. *Reynold's Miscellany*, No. 541. 4. *The Leisure Hour*, No. 357. 5. *Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper*. New Series. No. 48. 6. *The Guide*, No. 27. 7. *The Welcome Guest*, No. 27. 8. *Town Talk*, No. 26. 9. *The Sunday at Home*.

seven periodicals of our list, why there are seven of them, and what manner of people they are who read them—or rather, knowing that so many people do read them, what their object in reading them is. Let us speak first of their resemblances. All these journals are alike in price and size (or very nearly so), in general arrangements, in their pictorial as well as literary aspects, and in their general aim. They originated, we believe, in the *Mirror*—a twopenny publication of some thirty years ago, which was a miscellany attempting, and not without success, the same mixture of fiction and instruction, original and selected matter, the same little odd scraps of information, tossed out to sink or swim, and was apparently addressed to the same class. After the *Mirror* came the *Penny Magazine*, with its rivals and imitators. But the *Penny Magazine* was a solid, not to say dry penny-worth. As time went on, it was voted to be too didactic, too sound, too serious; and then came the new dynasty, of which we believe the *Family Herald* stands at the head, both in age and popularity. A periodical which is nearly sixteen years old, and reckons its subscribers at scores of thousands, must possess either substantial claims on popular regard, or must have exhibited some skill in hitting a general taste. Its success, we suppose, accounts for its rivals, on the usual economical principle. One thing—it is not the only one—especially puzzles us about these periodicals. They are issued weekly, but one and all they anticipate their publication—each one of them appears on Monday, for the next Saturday. Every copy which we purchased on Monday, October 25, is dated Saturday, October 30. Why is this? Is it that, as in Shakspeare's celebrated case, they are desirous that panting time should toil after them in vain? In their desire to lead the world do they wish to outstrip the heavenly motions? Sometimes, as a great literary treat, one gets an early copy of an unpublished work—and a fortune at a London dinner-table used to be made by quoting the plot of the last of Scott's novels before it was published. Is it a sort of practical Irishism to give every reader of the *London Journal* a private and unpublished copy? Or, as of course these periodicals will last at least as long as the world, are the proprietors desirous to be ahead of the last day, so that in the long run they will outlive creation, and we shall have one more *Family Herald* than time itself can produce?

The promise of these publications has a certain smack of uniformity. The *Family Herald* is "a Domestic Magazine of Useful Information and Amusement." The *London Journal* announces itself as "a Weekly Record of Literature, Science, and Art." *Reynold's* professes to add Romance to "General Literature, Science, and Art." The *Leisure Hour*, which affects serious readers, promises the more solid pudding of "Recreation and Amusement;" while the *Welcome Guest* claims to be a repertory of "recreative reading for all." The *Guide* and the *Welcome Guest* have only yet attained half a year's existence, and we must say that we should have thought the diggings already sufficiently occupied. *Town Talk* attempts the mild facetious; and the *Sunday at Home* represents the respectable dulness which its title suggests. An analysis of one gives a tolerable notion of the whole class; although an analytical mind of the German school might observe in each sufficient characterization, as they say, upon which to build theories of the varieties of the reading species which they respectively aim at. Speaking generally, they are adapted for the immense social section forming the lower strata of the middle classes; and it is therefore a matter of some interest to know the sort of thing which is found to suit this particular literary taste. The novel in slices, continued in every number, is the specialty of these weekly journals. The *Family Herald* contains two tales. The one is a story complete in itself, much the same as used to appear in the *Annuals*—quite as good at any rate; and of the other, as we only meet it at the twentieth chapter, we can but say that it reads rather like Miss Sewell and water. *Reynold's*, with our recollections of certain over-spiced publications bearing that name, we turned to with a curiosity perhaps the reverse of laudable; but Mr. Reynolds, as it seems, is a flourishing *littérateur*. He publishes a regular newspaper, two or three romances, which are always going on in weekly numbers, and dates from "Belmore Hall, Herne Bay," and so he does not condescend to appear in the *Miscellany*. He is, however, represented by "Mr. M. J. Errym," author of "The Sepoys"—a prolific author of fiction, as it seems, for he is just now reeling off two novels at once in the genial pages of *Reynold's Miscellany*—"The Wreckers: a Tale of the Sea," and "The Sepoys" above named. This last, as far as we can make out, is a Tale of the Times, and is founded upon the mythus of the sergeant's wife who heard "the Campbells are Coming," at twenty miles distance from Lucknow. Mr. Errym has studied in the Dickens school. In the language of art, we recognise an imitation of the "fat, juicy brush," the later style of the author of *Little Dorrit*. Here is the opening sentence of the "Wreckers":—

**THE BOAT AND THE CAVERN.**—A mist is on the sea; with a lazy wash the rising tide is surging on the pebbly beach, circling round the ocean-worn rocks, and occasionally, with an unexpected dash, throwing its frothy spray high in the air, as it strikes against the granite peaks of a small inlet on the iron-bound coast of Cornwall. The mist heaves to and fro, as if it held high strife with the water; and millions of saline particles mingle with the dreamy-looking vapour. Afar off, there is a strange sound—a moaning, sighing something in the air—as though the wind out and away in the wide Atlantic was meaning mischief.

Mr. Reynolds—we once saw a book of his about George IV., which was not flattering to the British aristocracy—finds it

useful to get a titled authoress. "Lady Clara Cavendish"—the name is quite fine enough to be genuine, and the readers of Burke may satisfy themselves on the suspicious point of its authenticity—furnishes *Reynold's Miscellany* with a novel of which we are bound to say that the grammar is not equal (or is it equal?) to the patrician writer's title. "Lady Clara Cavendish"—positively those gracious words are as flavoursome as the names of Miss Skeggs and her friend in the *Wear of Wakefield*—in the "Woman of the World," as an artist, is a follower of Mrs. Gore. Here we have "Louis Quatorze apartments exquisitely appointed, one of the contents of which was a cabinet on buhl supports of malachite," and the scene only shifts from Bond-street to Grosvenor-square and the Clarendon. And of course it makes no difference to the readers of "The Woman of the World," so that they are introduced to fashionable life, to be assured that the Duke of Cambridge is addressed as "Your Grace," or that Colonel Waugh lived at Gore House. The *feuilleton* of *Cassell* is furnished by Mr. J. F. Smith, a most prolific writer as it seems, as he may reasonably be who commences a chapter in this safe as well as original manner:—

Life and death we are told are both uncertain, and experience daily proves the truth of the aphorism. Happy would it be for mankind if uncertainty in human affairs were limited to these; such, however, unfortunately is not the case. Health, riches, fame, success, friendship, and even love, the most absorbing and universal of all passions, are subject to the same sad law. A day, an hour, may undermine the foundation upon which they, one and all, rest, leaving life blank—existence a wreck.

This is quite in the *Spectator* and *Rambler* manner, and presents a contrast to Lady Clara. Fiction is, however, by no means the staple of these publications. Every one of them contains something in the line of practical information—discursive, unconnected, haphazard sort of information, elastic and unsystematic for the most part in arrangement, but each article neatly enough packed, though in the strangest juxtaposition—a sort of general store of knowledge, but miscellaneous as a chandler's shop. A history of Trichinopoly, and a sketch of York Minster; a paper on epitaphs, and a comparison of English pauperism in 1818 and 1858; hints on the cultivation of the hollyhock, and choice scraps from *Punch*; a little love poem, and notes on Friendly Societies; extracts under the highly metaphorical running title of "Grains of Gold," sometimes varied into "Gems of Thought"; chess problems and riddles, with their answers suggested by various correspondents; and facetiae, not of the highest kind—as for example, the witty saying that the "Scilly Islands are the best site for a lunatic asylum"—may stand as an average specimen. These varied contents contribute, no doubt, to the success of our weekly contemporaries; and, on the whole, we may be reasonably satisfied with all this. It is not literature—it is not learning—nor, we fear, is it the way to train the mind or to improve any human faculties to spend week after week in this desultory, unsystematic reading, which seems to be collected and presented in this shape only to enfeeble the mental powers; but still it is well that it is no worse. To be sure it is characteristic of our times, in which knowledge is so widely spread in a shallow channel, that, as we do not learn, so we do not remember; and in the very presence of an immense collection of facts, people generally are ill-informed because they have so seldom been compelled to acquire knowledge. We do not view all these papers as great popular teachers, but still, though they do but little good, it prevents a vast amount of harm. These periodicals represent fairly enough mechanics' reading-rooms and the whole movement for the people's education. Here and there are attempts at better things—lessons in French and chapters on mental philosophy; but the novels are to the history as ten to one, both in popularity and amount, and for one subscriber who turns to the solid, there are ten who take in their penny journal for the fiction and the woodcuts, which as all students of shop windows are aware, are drawn with considerable fluency, if we may so say, of pencil, and not without a sharp and vigorous touch of character.

But there is, we suspect, a more powerful element of success in these papers than their literature and art. The *London Journal* and the *Family Herald* possess an individuality to which we, for example, make no pretence. The editor enters the domestic circle in no figure of speech. He is the *confidant* and confessor in every relation of life. The answers to correspondents cannot be wholly fictitious, for if they were, a romance and a life history being embodied in almost each of them, the editor would be as great a genius as we now consider him to be a miracle of discretion and general information. Tradesmen's daughters, schoolboys, and domestic servants, seem to use these editors as the universal referee in every considerable difficulty of life. The editor of the *Welcome Guest* does the work of Spiritual Director, the Friend of the Family, the Oldest Inhabitant, the Family Lawyer, the Index to the Encyclopædia, and the Annual Register all in one and all at once. Never was such a display of pantomimical knowledge. Cases of conscience and of common law, problems of moral duty and of social etiquette, all are here, and all are answered, and on either side with the same apparent simple good faith and sincerity. Nothing comes amiss—question or answer. "Perplexity," in a paragraph of twenty lines, is seriously advised by *Cassell* to be off with his old love before he is on with his new. "Jessey" receives a receipt for a sprained ankle, and "Harvey," if he is wise, gets an equally profitable prescription for a broken heart. "Burrell" is instructed in making elder

wine, and "J. B." receives the true pronunciation of Piccolomini and Lord Byron's Guiccioli. But the *Family Herald* appears to be the great authority on all affairs of the heart. This journal seems to revive the Parliaments of Love of the Middle Ages. Whenever the course of true love runs smooth or rough the *Family Herald* is ready with its counsels or advice. Young ladies are assisted in their choice, the bashful receive choice hints, and the timid of either sex are decidedly encouraged. But what an odd insight it gives into middle life to find people, young and old, writing to a newspaper editor to know what presents to make to their loves, and to inquire the price of stock in 1780! Interpretations of texts of Scripture, how to kill moths in furs, or to make a will, the best materials for a vivarium, counsel to a wife who is thinking of suing for a divorce, and hints on cosmetics, the practice of the County Courts, and the pronunciation of Trafalgar, are but specimens of matters on which advice is asked and given, as it seems in good faith and generally with good sense. These are elements of popularity inexhaustible; and on the whole, if in these daily emergencies people cannot rely on their own good sense, they may recur to advisers less judicious and often more interested than the *Ductores Dubitantum* of the penny weekly press.

#### AN IRISH LOVER.

IT is a testimony as well to the power as to the hollowness of public opinion as directed by the press, that such very odd people appeal to it. Colonel Waugh lately had the impudence to enter his *provoco ad populum*; and Mr. Carden, the heirestealer, has published a pamphlet, solemnly addressed "A Letter to the Public." Mr. Dunn, if we remember rightly, endeavoured to set himself right by letters in the newspapers. Nor can we blame these worthies. So much confidence is felt, in quarters where it is not always avowed, in everything that is written and printed, that the largest knavery and even crime knows that its best and only chance is in the sophistry of type. Even the wisest is for the moment all but influenced, or at least staggered, by the authority of type. The late Mr. Palmer is said to have hired an organ even in the daily press of London, and no doubt Borgia and Catiline could have got somebody at least to admit that there was something to be said for them, had they had access to a printing press. Indeed, it is a truism that something can be said if something is said; and when something is said, there will be always somebody to accept it. Such is the power of the press. Type looks so authoritative—it has such a bold, swaggering, imposing aspect—that it must compel obedience from somebody. Mr. Carden—"John Carden, Esq., of Barnane"—knows this, and so he writes a "Letter to the Public." Junius did the same, and he was an impostor. Both he and Mr. Carden bid high, talk big, and make their appeal large, mouthy, and full-bodied. When a man preaches on the housetop—addresses, theoretically, all human kind—appeals, Prometheus-like, to the whole earth—there are who implicitly conclude that he must have something to say for himself, from the mere fact that he makes such a blatant noise.

Who or what is Mr. Carden? An Irish gentleman of some property, and of the Irish temperament and the accredited Irish manners—moving, however, in good (Irish) society—who, on the strength of a slight acquaintance, makes love and an offer to Miss Arbuthnot, a lady of fortune and family, and is summarily rejected. Nothing amounting to the extraordinary in all this. The rejected suitor, after a fashion which we had thought was extinct, plans a forcible abduction, which is all but successful. Mr. Carden views complacently this little transaction after the lapse of two years, and, casting a loving, lingering look at his crime, says in his "Appeal," "I formed a most elaborate plan for carrying her off by force. That plan involved difficult and expensive arrangements as to a vessel, and with regard to relays of horses on the road to the coast." He indirectly plumes himself on this abominable transaction, and appeals to it as a proof of his affection, and as a ground for public sympathy and confidence.

We are quite aware that in Picart's *Marriage Ceremonies* similar rites are chronicled. Among the Tartars, the same or a like custom is the fashion of the country; it was the Rapparee mode of wooing; and among Hottentots, if we remember rightly, force was, or perhaps is, the correct national style of courtship. English law, however, does not recognise this demonstrative type of love, and consigned Mr. Carden to gaol for two years. No sooner is he liberated than he pursues Miss Arbuthnot with the old avidity. In spite of herself and her family, he forces himself upon her notice; he employs a servant to pester her with his letters; he watches the unhappy lady in all her movements, tracks her from house to house, at home and abroad forces his presence upon her, insults and threatens her nearest guardian, her brother, and writes insolent letters to all her friends. In a word, he renders her life intolerable. All this Miss Arbuthnot swears, and Mr. Carden, in fact, does not deny. Only he writes to the public to justify it, and asserts that he pursues this plan upon principle—that, in point of fact, Miss Arbuthnot really esteems him, and would, so he plainly intimates, marry him to-morrow, were it not for her family. And then he goes on to profess his unbounded admiration and love for "a Miranda in simplicity, purity of thought, innocence, and credulity"—adding that, so runs his blarney, "never did the breath of life animate the bosom of one so pure, kind-hearted, amiable, and confiding."

Now, in point of fact, were Miss Arbuthnot what Mr. Carden insinuates, Miranda would only be guilty of perjury. Miss Arbuthnot swears that she has never entertained the slightest regard for him. She declares upon oath "that she will never consent to see him, or have any intercourse whatever with him;" and yet Mr. Carden has the matchless effrontery to declare that this is mere hypocrisy, and that he is certain she entertains the warmest affection for him. This is the character which Mr. Carden deliberately attempts to fasten upon this young lady—this in the light in which he asks the public to view the woman whom he professes to regard as the paragon of her sex. Mr. Dunn said the same of Miss Burdett Coutts; but Mr. Dunn was, we believe and hope, mad. Mr. Carden scouts the charitable suspicion of his insanity, and in all the moral horror of injured innocence protests against the violation of a British subject's rights, because hapless Miss Arbuthnot is surrounded by a *cordon* of police, and because his miserable go-between was arrested by the local magistrates.

The gist of Mr. Carden's insolent pamphlet is actually to complain of the late Lord Lieutenant and the present magistracy, and to enlist public opinion against the "abuse of power by the Executive of the country," which, he says, "ought to be discontinued, and the police force of the country cease to be employed, as in this instance they have been, in a manner so indecent and so unconstitutional." No doubt the swell mob consider detectives in plain clothes very tyrannical and unconstitutional; coiners hold the intrusion of the constable into their garrets to be highly indecent; a woman who has stolen a watch on the *pave* will assure you that the process of searching shocks her modesty; and of course, in the person of Bill Sykes, the liberty of the subject was seriously infringed when that gentleman entered the prison van. But then these unfortunates had not recourse to a pamphlet. They had not sufficient credit with "Hodges, Smith and Co., of Grafton-Street, Dublin," to get their indignant apostrophes published on the finest paper and in the very neatest typography. *Carebant vate sacro.* The art of Cadmus was above them. Not so with Mr. Carden. He is a friend of Lord Donoughmore. He associates with lords and gentlemen. He is, or was, a magistrate—he is a squire—a man of letters and acres. He can do what other inmates of a gaol cannot do—he can write and print. And so he makes use of his opportunities. He committed a wrong and an injury which, if society had not resented and punished, society would be impossible. By his crime he proved himself to be a bold, shameless ruffian—by his vindication of his subsequent and consistent conduct he shows himself to be among the most impudent of mankind. He has lived in society only to traduce it; for his letter abounds in the most indecent and improper violations of social propriety. He recognises the law only to mock at it, and appeals to constitutional liberty only for a personal license to defy all order. He shows his love by libelling its object; and with an insolence almost approaching to the heroic, he asks all the world to sanction his treason against the sanctities of home, and his cruelty against one whom, under the pretence of affection, he devotes his whole time to insult and injure in the most sacred relations.

#### PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

MR. KEAN, by his undeviating adherence to one fixed principle of management—that of producing works of the highest class in the most unexceptionable style—has raised his theatre to such a point of pre-eminence that his nightly bills serve as a sort of thermometer to indicate the condition of public taste with respect to the poetical drama. The plays revived at the Princess's have, at any rate, every chance of success that the present state of the stage can afford, and when they do not succeed, we may assume that they are no longer adapted to popular predilections. The fault cannot lie with the management. No living actor can vie with Mr. Kean as the representative of a Shaksperian character—no manager has carried the art of stage-decoration to so high a degree of perfection.

By the two plays now presented to the public on alternate evenings, *King John* and *Macbeth*, an accurate index of the public mind with respect to Shakspeare is obtained. The student in his library will readily count upwards of thirty plays attributed to Shakspeare, nor will the deduction of the apocryphal works seriously diminish the number. But to that large public who know Shakspeare as a poet for the stage, his plays scarcely exceed the limit of twelve, and if we were required to pick out six commanding works, we should have some difficulty in making up the number. On the list of twelve *King John* would hold an indifferent place. *Macbeth* would stand high among the six, and even if the six were reduced to three, would still maintain an exalted position among them. This fact is demonstrated by the state of the Princess's Theatre on the nights when the two plays are acted. Mr. and Mrs. Kean respectively play *King John* and *Constance*; Mr. and Mrs. Kean respectively play *Macbeth* and his Lady; and the accessories of both works are of about the same quality, correctly illustrative, and not overwhelming. Nevertheless, a crowd comes nightly to witness *Macbeth*—less than a crowd comes to see *King John*.

The reason why one of these plays is so much more attractive than the other may be found in the fact that the principal part in the one affords the tragedian many opportunities of distinguishing himself, whereas the principal part in the other only

becomes important in a single scene. *Macbeth* is a great character, whose peculiarities may be commented upon, as though his idiosyncrasies were a matter of history, and he is associated with a long series of theatrical traditions. *King John*, on the other hand, though a much less mythical personage, has no character at all, and the theatrical traditions that relate to him are but slightly impressed on the popular memory. By a minute comparison between the two plays, a much more profound reason for the difference of their attractive force may probably be elicited; but the one we have given will be sufficient for practical people.

Strange to say, *King John* and *Macbeth*, differing as they do from each other, have, at the Princess's Theatre, so far coincided in their results that they exhibit in the principal actor and actress of our day peculiarities that have hitherto been comparatively unnoticed. The scene of John and Hubert displays, to a remarkable degree, the *intensity* which Mr. Kean can assume upon occasion—that absorption of the mind in one particular train of thought, that deprives look, voice, and gesture of their natural mobility. The hints, audible and visible, by which John suggests to Hubert the expediency of getting Arthur out of the way, occupy but a few minutes. The preparation and the consummation of Duncan's murder spreads over a considerable length of time; but in the former, as in the latter, the subjection of mind to circumstance is finely portrayed—the slavishness to guilt is indicated with terrible truth. The murder scene in *Macbeth* is of course more impressive than the "Hubert scene" (as it is called) in *King John*. The English Monarch is a bad man, with an evil thought which he is half afraid to speak out, and of which he is justly delighted to get rid—and there is an end of him; but *Macbeth*'s career is clearly followed from the conception to the completion of crime, and many passages of repugnance and remorse chequer his descent into the chasm of guilt. These are rendered with exquisite feeling by Mr. Kean. He heightens the terror appertaining to *Macbeth* by repressing every tendency to boisterous utterance, and renders prominent the passive submission of his mind to the predictions of evil ministers and the promptings of a wicked wife. He humanizes *Macbeth* by allowing the softer side of his nature to present itself whenever occasion offers. His Thane is not a murderous ruffian, but a morally weak man, urged to crime by the strongest motives, and fully aware of the misery which awaits him.

If Mr. Kean's *Macbeth* is at first thoroughly human, becoming nevertheless the infuriated savage when all hope is lost, and when he can only cling to life with the animal instinct of self-preservation, we may also say that the Lady of Mrs. Kean is thoroughly feminine. The witches may be the ministers and harbingers of fate—she is content with such rule as an artful, determined woman may acquire over a vacillating man; nor is there anything supernatural about her till the crime has been committed, and remorse has begun its work. It is not the case of a superstitious man ruled by the dictates of an oracle, but that of a veritable husband governed by a veritable wife. We may say that Mrs. Kean even takes pains to divest the character of everything like supernatural potency till she comes to the sleep-walking scene, and this accounts for the details of high-bred courtesy with which she "manages" the guests at the banquet. But when she is the somnambulist, she takes full advantage of that ghostlike character, which we readily associate with those whose movements belong to the outer world, while their thoughts are confined to internal reflections. To this point Mrs. Kean has been completely human; she is now all but spectral, and the effect she produces is indescribable.

But the finish of Mrs. Kean's acting is perhaps less surprising than the power which she displays in the two characters of Constance and Lady *Macbeth*—the former having been first in the order of performance. For some years past she has refrained from putting forth her strength to the utmost; and while she has contented herself with the representation of gentle and amiable natures, the public have grown into a belief that power is precisely the quality in which she is deficient. This belief she grandly refutes by her thorough abandonment to the impassioned rage and grief of Constance, and still more by her sustained energy as the imperious Lady *Macbeth*. Just as she reaches her farewell season, her excellence is more plainly perceived than ever.

#### REVIEWS.

##### FERRARI'S REVOLUTIONS OF ITALY.\*

THIS is a very extraordinary book, alike in its merits and in its defects. "Defects," however, is perhaps not exactly the proper word. It is not so much errors or failures of which we have to complain, as the presence of one great overspreading theory, to which everything is referred, and which, to our mind, goes a good way to spoil everything. For research and for power M. Ferrari stands very high among historians. He has read deeply; he has thought over and thoroughly mastered his subject; he has grasped with a sort of intuitive power the leading characteristics of each succeeding epoch; above all, he does full justice to his

\* *Histoire des Révoltes d'Italie, ou Guelfes et Gibelins.* Par J. Ferrari. 2 tomes. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1858.

magnificent theme. If anything, indeed, he does it more than justice; but while the tendency of modern writers has so commonly been to confine their attention to what happens north of the Alps, we are not disposed to quarrel with even a somewhat exaggerated view of the importance of Italian history. Here are excellences enough to have set up any historical writer, and they might easily have led M. Ferrari to a place in the very first rank, if everything had not been overshadowed by his fatal theory of the whole matter, and by certain faults of manner which seem almost necessarily to have flowed from it. Dealing with one of the greatest of all subjects—a subject of which he is thoroughly master, and which he is in every way qualified to expound to others—he has yet contrived to render it obscure, wearisome, and almost repulsive. We have read M. Ferrari's book with feelings of admiration, strangely crossed by something approaching indignation.

The grand *πάπον ψεύδος* of the book is the regarding history not as a record of facts—adapted partly for the gratification of a reasonable curiosity, partly as an admirable exercise for the mind, and, above all, as a storehouse of moral and political knowledge—but as a matter of abstract theory. We read history to study the deeds of men and of nations; but in M. Ferrari's view, men and nations are little better than mere puppets in the hands of a blind fate. His great error, in fact, is the denial or forgetfulness of the existence alike of Deity and of humanity. How the freedom of the human will and the sovereignty of the Divine are to be reconciled with each other, is of course the great problem of theology and metaphysics. But solve it as we may, the manifest facts are there. That our own wills are free we know by experience—*solvitur volendo*—that they are subject to a higher will is a matter of hardly less intuitive knowledge. But in M. Ferrari's view, God and man alike go for nothing; with him all is blind, hard fatality; his Zeus is bound hand and foot by 'Αράγη, and he seems to allow of no personal Moirai and Erinyes to guide 'Αράγη herself. It is evident that, with such a system, history at once loses its great charm. Its biographical and its political attractions at once vanish. M. Ferrari is least of all men given to hero-worship; with him men are little more than machines—they hardly rise to the dignity of moral agents. The mightiest of the sons of men pass before him as pawns on a chess-table. If he does show a faint and glimmering perception of the personality of Charlemagne, of Barbarossa and his grandson, it is evidently because in such a presence his own human nature becomes too strong for his own theory. Of right and wrong he hardly ever condescends to speak. In his view, the tyrant and the patriot are hardly more deserving of praise or censure than the dead weapons which they wielded. Once—evidently again in spite of himself—the atrocities of Eccelino da Romano do wring from him a few words of abhorrence, and in another place he more strangely goes out of his way to vilify Charles the Great. And if he hardly grasps the fact that men are responsible agents, we cannot expect him to rise to that high political morality by which Arnold taught that cities and empires are agents no less responsible than individual men. Hence, with him, history loses alike its most pleasing and its most instructive aspect. We must not expect to be carried along by fluent narrative or glowing description—we must look for no heartfelt bursts of admiration at heroism, or of detestation for crime. Where all is marked out by a fatal law, the warnings of the past can convey no admonition for the future. Rulers and subjects, if they admitted M. Ferrari's creed, would have nothing to do but to retire from the task of ruling and obeying. No man need labour either for future ages or for his own. He has nothing to do but to fold his hands, and, we fear, *not say Allah Ackbar*.

M. Ferrari's book is, in fact, the fullest development which we have seen, in anything like the form of a historical narrative, of the ultra-philosophical mode of treating history. He is the very opposite to a writer like Barante, who professes to write *non ad probandum sed ad narrandum*. Now, doubtless, Barante goes as far into an extreme one way as Ferrari does another. But as to read Barante is certainly more pleasant than to read Ferrari, so we half suspect that it is really the more profitable work of the two. Given the story, you may deduce the theory for yourself; but with M. Ferrari you are so overwhelmed by the theory, that the story almost escapes you. Even to those who already know something of the history, his book is constantly obscure; and to one who sat down to it in total ignorance of Italian affairs, we suspect it would be totally unintelligible. And we are sure that if the very best informed people, if Muratori or Sismondi themselves, could have opened a page of Ferrari at random, they would not have above half understood what it meant. It is clear that this is not the case with a random page of Arnold or Macaulay, of Sismondi, Thierry, or Barante. You may not fully grasp all the allusions, but at any rate you understand the words. But with M. Ferrari, you do not understand the words till you have served a long apprenticeship to his peculiar use of them. And even this does not always serve you. He writes in a completely technical language of his own, a good deal of which we have by use learned to understand, but of which a good deal still remains unintelligible. That his mere style is often uncouth and impetuous, that it is fuller of odd, grotesque, and colloquial expressions than any French historical writer we have ever read, is altogether another matter. This has nothing to do with his peculiar theories, and might be the case with a writer who regarded matters from an opposite point of view. We

refer only to the direct consequences of his peculiar treatment. For instance, if you open the book at p. 194 of the second volume, you light on the words "Saladin, consul improvisé de l'islamisme," and carrying your eye backwards and forwards, you find the words "Consul," "consulaire," &c., applied to a number of other things and persons to which they seem no less inappropriate. The explanation is this. M. Ferrari, as we have said, seizes with great acuteness on the distinguishing characteristics of each period of Italian history. To each he gives a title derived from the leading tendency of each time. One is *La Révolution des Evêques*, another *La Révolution des Consuls*. As a guide to the memory in understanding and arranging the moving chaos of Italian history, nothing can be better. But M. Ferrari goes still further. Starting from an era of Bishops, an era of Consuls, and the like, he converts his adjectives, "Episcopal," "Consulaire," &c., into technical terms, and attaches them to substantives with which they certainly have no natural connexion. Furthermore, with less success than in his Italian divisions, he sees in the general history of all Europe little more than a reflex of that of Italy. Consequently, in his half-technical, half-metaphorical style, he finds "Consuls," "Pontiffs," "Citoyens et Concitoyens," in all parts of the world. Hence we find Saladin, in his turn, decorated with the fasces. Hence we are told that "la cinquième [quatrième?] croisade glisse encore plus ouvertement de la religion des évêques à la révolution des consuls." What Ferrari means about Saladin is, that his position in the Mahometan world bore some analogy, in some way that we are quite unable to understand, to that of the consuls of the Italian cities. The latter sentence again does not mean that the *révolution des consuls* led to the fifth (fourth?) crusade, but merely that that crusade was in some, to us inexplicable, way analogous to it. Passages like these are intelligible when you have become familiar with M. Ferrari's mode of writing; but others remain very obscure even to one who has got through the two volumes. He uses words in such odd senses; he finds "federalisme" under the Roman Empire, and "démocratie" under the early Capets in France; and "les impies" becomes a technical term, for we do not exactly know what. Again, we gain little information by being told that, in the eleventh century, "Au rebours de la France, l'Angleterre limrophe se développe avec la loi, en haine de la théologie," while "Au rebours de l'Angleterre, l'Ecosse se développe par la théologie." We believe this means that Malcolm Canmore showed more devotion to the Pope than William the Conqueror; but if so, it is a wonderful way of expressing it. But what can mortal man make out of the following? Charlemagne has passed the Alps, the Lombard kingdom has fallen, the Pope is delivered—what then?

Que les ténèbres épaissois de la dévotion se répandent! que les Frances règnent et s'étendent! ils répondent à l'ignorance universelle, et Rome gagnera par ses lois cet empire que Néron lui assurait par la débauche. Nous sommes en religion, nous sommes en révolution; nous marchons par oui et par non avec le suffrage universel.

As applied to the age of Charles the Great, this is beyond us. If we might construe it of more recent times, we could discern some glimmerings of meaning. Who has not heard of an illustrious potentate, on no less excellent terms with the Holy See than Charles himself, who, above all men, professes to "marcher par oui et par non avec le suffrage universel"? Here, at least, "la débauche," "la révolution," "la religion," have succeeded one another in admirable order; and the picture of the "Franks reigning among universal ignorance" may not inaptly represent what is to come after the final silencing of M. de Montalembert and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

To return to M. Ferrari. We must give a few specimens of the manner in which he expresses his theory. According to our old-fashioned jog-trot notions of historical evidence, the following passage seems to set forth a very dangerous way of dealing with it:—

Faute de documents, nous avons le droit de supposer une révolution catholique chez les Longobards; nous avons le droit de la reconstruire et de subordonner tous les faits politiques de cette période au grand fait dissimulé de l'influence pontificale. Paul Diacre se tait, il faut l'interpréter; il est obscur et quelquefois absurde; et son obscurité, son absurdité, son abusivité, en autorisent l'interprétation, doivent nous révéler l'histoire de la révolution catholique.

Here, again:—

Sans nier les accidents de l'histoire, nous avons le droit de subordonner aux idées tous les faits qu'elles dominent. Il est acquis que les deux principes de la religion et de la politique doivent se partager l'Italie, que Rome doit être libre et catholique, que le royaume doit être fondé par de nouveaux barbares. Cela posé, suivons les faits.

Elsewhere we have a whole chapter of "Méthode à suivre," containing a long exposition of "l'histoire idéale." Here M. Ferrari often gets quite beyond us; "si on reste dans les faits, on reste dans l'impossible." "Les phases de l'histoire idéale s'accomplissent nécessairement par des personnages abstraits." "Pour nous les ducs, les comtes, les évêques, les consuls seront des êtres abstraits dont les titres, transformés en signes algébriques, donneront la solution de tous les problèmes." A little way on we find, more daringly still—

Nous avons déjà vu qu'on pouvait négliger le caractère personnel des papes ou des empereurs et oublier les vices, les vertus, la capacité, l'incapacité des individus toujours dominés par la fatalité; à plus forte raison ce procédé qui néglige les personnes nous est-il imposé dès qu'il s'agit de la commune où l'histoire, étrangère aux accidents de la papauté et de l'empire, ne saurait se confronter avec les hasards d'une tradition unique ou dynastique.

Still more to our amazement, there is not only a "histoire idéale," but a "chronologie" and a "géographie idéale." They are thus defined:—

L'histoire idéale n'admet que le guide d'une chronologie idéale; ses dates sont prises dans les idées, elles se succèdent avec une précision géométrique et l'ordre des époques ne peut être interverti, pas plus qu'on ne peut placer le quatre avant le trois dans la progression des nombres.

Notre géographie idéale, comme la chronologie, prend son point de départ au centre de la commune; c'est au point topographique du clocher de l'église qu'on doit fixer la pointe du compas pour faire tourner l'autre pointe toute autour. A chaque époque de la commune, l'angle du compas s'élargit d'un degré; la pointe mobile, en tournant au premier degré, donnera les remparts, au second degré, la banlieue, au troisième, au quatrième degré, et successivement, le champ défriché de la ville s'élargira, empiétant sur la grande forêt féodale de la campagne. Du haut de la cathédrale on verra tomber les tours, les châteaux, les donjons, les fortresses bâties sur les rochers; tout sera entraîné dans le mouvement de rotation subordonné au progrès de l'idée citoyenne. Partout identique, le mouvement finira par amener un choc entre les villes, et ici encore les dates de l'histoire idéale continueront à régler la géographie des communes: il ne sera donné qu'aux villes les plus avancées d'élargir leur circonférence: les autres tomberont; tous les hasards de la guerre resteront dans la loi des idées, et se sera toujours aux idées à déterminer les confins des Etats italiens.

Elsewhere we find such phrases as—"La date de la guerre civile et du podestat se présente partout avec une rigueur arithmétique qui confirme la fatalité générale du mouvement," or "les combattants, jetés les uns contre les autres par la fatalité des idées et par l'entassement de la population, sont forces de s'entre-détruire. Most historians, again, have censured the horrible cruelties of Henry IV. in Sicily, and have even lamented over any subjection of that glorious land to the yoke of any stranger. According to Mr. Ferrari:—

On s'aperçoit tout à coup qu'au milieu des horreurs de la Sicile, la muse de l'histoire, saisie de vertige, a mandé l'homme qu'elle devait respecter, le véritable libérateur du royaume, le vrai chef des citoyens du midi. Ses fureurs n'étaient pas à lui, son délice était le délice de la démocratie. Dès le jour où il avait mis le pied sur les terres de la donation, il avait été emporté par les furies consulaires.

What "la democratie" and "les furies consulaires" may mean as applied to a Teutonic invader, is a small matter compared with the apparent utter denial of all moral responsibility. Let us go on to Henry's son, the very marvel of mankind—the greatest triumph, one would have thought, of individual character over rules and theories of every kind. M. Ferrari cannot help seeing that Frederick the Second at least was a personal man. He of course decorates him with some odd titles, "Consul d'Allemagne et podestat de Palerme." We may not guess what is meant by his being "podestat occulte de trois religions," but we can thank M. Ferrari for seeing that with him the Empire really terminates—we can thank him for an appreciation, most unusual with him, of individual greatness, and for the true discussion how "Frédéric II. gemissoit sous le poids d'une philosophie qui le condamnait à dissimuler sa pensée, à se dire catholique, à brûler les hérétiques et à mépriser l'humanité." But even of him M. Ferrari would fain make a mere machine, if he could. He and various others, we are told, "ne sont que les phénomènes divers d'une même phase imposée par la loi idéale des révolutions italiennes." So afterwards:—

Vu de loin, dans la confusion du XIII<sup>e</sup> siècle, Frédéric trompe les historiens par son double prestige de consul d'Allemagne et de podestat de Palerme. On le considère comme un être tout-puissant qui aurait pu façonne l'Italie à son gré; et la poésie qui s'attache à ce qu'on appelle les grandes figures de l'histoire, pour y transporter d'emblée ses rêves, ses plans, ses utopies, ses espérances, ou ses regrets, fixe son doigt en silence sur le grand Frédéric comme s'il avait emporté avec lui je ne sais quelle mystérieuse destinée de l'Italie. Mais il n'a emporté que la tradition des Gibelins, condamnés à la démence des réactions impossibles; le fait de se dérober n'admet ni regrets ni retour; il reste tel qu'il est dans son temps, dans son jour, dans son heure, comme l'un de ces mille hiéroglyphes que la sténographie de l'histoire trace avec la rapidité de l'éclair pour une immobilité éternelle.

With his peculiar theory of facts and ideas, it is not surprising that M. Ferrari does not condemn himself to minute accuracy with regard to the former. We tested a considerable part of his book by the original authorities, and certainly we never found any writer of reputation so utterly careless with regard to quotation. Let any one, blessed with a *Muratori*, compare M. Ferrari's citations from Arnulph and Landulph (i. 282 *et seqq.*) with the original, and they will find some little error or other in almost every passage. Many of the quotations in his hands cease to be grammatical Latin. Nor does he seem to us to have much power of weighing historical evidence in detail. All this is doubtless not ignorance, which we cannot for a moment suspect, but the mere contempt for such matters naturally engendered by his theory. But beyond the limits of Italy we do not trust M. Ferrari at all. About France, England, and more distant countries he theorizes not so much in the teeth of facts as without any facts at all. Nor is it a very scholarlike proceeding to quote Procopius in Latin. And M. Ferrari also should have known that Chagan, or Khakan, was a title, not a proper name, though the Carolingian writers (like the Romans with "Lucumo," and many similar cases) took it for one. M. Ferrari's Italianized form, *Cacano* (i. 85), is eminently ludicrous. "Le concile de Trullan, three pages on, has also an odd look. Nor should he, in p. 330, have confounded Henry III. and Conrad III.; nor, above all, in p. 106, have repeated the monstrous and groundless calumny, which describes Charlemagne as "l'amant de ses propres filles."

Yet the merits of the book are many and great. Power and acuteness it has in the highest degree. The characters of the several epochs are admirably seized, if only the hobby were not

ridden to death. M. Ferrari, too, knows very well that the Roman Empire did not end in 476. He gives also due prominence to the aristocratic character of the early Italian republics—a fact to which, as Niebuhr says, Sismondi has certainly failed to give its full importance. And with what truth, and almost eloquence, M. Ferrari can write when for a moment he throws away his theory and its consequent phraseology, may be seen by such an extract as the following, which is far from standing alone in his volume:—

Les Guelfes invoquent ou imaginent un pontife, chef de la démocratie universelle, avec des foudres toujours prêtes contre les châtelains, contre les concitoyens, contre l'empire d'Allemagne, et placé à la tête du genre humain régénéré par la force des grands conseils, des conseils, des podestats, sans qu'il reste un seul donjon sur la terre. Toutes les idées sur la suzeraineté théologique de l'Eglise secularisées, arrachées à l'enveloppe religieuse, vulgarisées, mises à la portée des boutiquiers, des marchands, des marins, reduisent l'empereur à ne plus être qu'un roi tonsuré, hébété, obeissant à ganoux, et vassal du pontife. Les Gibelins, au contraire, rêvent un empereur chef des républiques féodales sévères, sombres, où tout soit à la plebe et aux grands sans milieu entre la mesure et le palais, sans qu'un bourgeois dicte des lois aux seigneurs, sans qu'aucune forteresse soit rasée dans la campagne, sans que l'industrie ou le commerce désembrasse la ville, en lui enlevant ses soldats. Pour eux le pape n'est que le premier sujet de l'empereur, une maladie nécessaire du genre humain, le compendium des faiblesses de l'humanité, un étrange soupirail vers l'inconnu de la vie à venir, un chef subalterne qu'on doit soumettre à la loi et conserver par ce qu'il faut des évêques aux villes, des curés aux villages, des cérémonies religieuses à la foule et des capucins à la canaille, pour prêcher l'obéissance aux grands seigneurs absorbés par la profession des armes, la tradition des amours, la distraction de l'hérésie, et les irritations mystérieuses de la science. Le pape de Rome et l'empereur d'Allemagne sont si étrangers au pape et à l'empereur des deux sectes; il y a si peu de corrélation entre les deux véritables chefs de la chrétienté, et les deux demi-dieux des batailles italiennes, qu'au commencement de la lutte, en 1250, l'empire est vacant, et que plus tard, avec Rodolphe d'Habsbourg, il est en paix avec l'Eglise, au moment même où les deux sectes ensanglantent le plus cruellement toutes les villes. Plus tard encore, les deux chefs restent étrangers au combat; on voit des pontifes Gibelins comme Nicolas IV., Martin III., Jules II., Léon X., Clément VII., tandis qu'on trouve des empereurs Guelfes comme Rodolphe de Habsbourg, Charles IV., Robert et d'autres.

#### MORRIS'S DEFENCE OF GUENEVERE.\*

Did we choose to chronicle them, there would be no lack of materials for illustrating the current poetical literature. The volcano of poetry is not now in a state of eruption as in the good old days of the Pope school, the Lake school, and the Byron school; but there are always little jets and puffs of smoke, if not of flame, that serve to show the existence rather than the activity of the central fire. Annually there are produced, to the great benefit of paper-makers and printers, at least fifty little volumes of English poetry. They are curiously alike. They are all little thin volumes of about 200 pages. Every volume contains from twenty to a hundred little pieces, all about nothing in particular—not remarkably good nor remarkably bad—with just no character at all, like Pope's *Women*. They give us very fair verse and generally correct imagery, not unpleasing nor yet striking, and yet we do not review them, simply because we cannot. When there is nothing to say, with *Scriblerus* we say "We can no more." What is the use either to the poet or to his reader, actual or possible, of saying that Mr. Jones has a correct ear, and has attained to certain smoothnesses in versification, and ripples out in a level current of poetical talk—or that Miss Brown has read Tennyson till she has acquired the same sort of likeness to her original that probably his colour-grinder had to Michael Angelo? If we select Mr. William Morris from the crowd, it is not for his surpassing merits, because we do not think that he has such, but partly because he has some real and substantial poetical merits—much of which, however, may be resolved into conceits and affectation and extravagance—and partly because he represents, we suppose for the first time, in one department of art, what has made a very great substantial revolution in another of its kingdoms—and partly because he writes upon a principle which, true enough in itself, he contrives wilfully and carefully to spoil by overdoing it.

Mr. Morris is the pre-Raphaelite poet. So he is hailed, we believe, by himself and the brotherhood. Now, in point of fact, if we trace the *genesis* of what is affectedly called pre-Raphaelism, it is the offspring rather than the progenitor of a certain poetical school and principle. Pre-Raphaelism is the product of the principle which was first preached by Wordsworth, and has culminated in Tennyson through Keats. The poet, prophet-like, preceded the painter—the plastic, or rather pictorial, development of art followed upon its poetical. Millais and Holman Hunt have but repeated the revolt against false taste which Wordsworth's *Poetical Ballads* inaugurated. It is odd enough that Wordsworth's personal influence with his friend Sir George Beaumont did not lead him to see—or if he saw, to repent of—the falsity of the conventional brown tree, for Wordsworth's was a life-long protest against the brown tree in poetry. But whether Wordsworth saw or did not see the application of his own principle, it is at the Laker's urn that pre-Raphaelism first drank inspiration. If, therefore, Mr. Morris really wished to show us what pre-Raphaelism in poetry was, he should have gone back to its beginnings, not to its recent developments. He has overlooked or neglected this truth; and because pre-Raphaelism has degenerated in many quarters into cant and affectation, he represents its absurdities and extravagances rather than its original aim

\* *The Defence of Guenevere, and other Poems.* By William Morris. London: Bell and Daldy. 1858.

and principle. In criticising Mr. Morris, we cannot but glance at the parallel development of art—in the poet we trace the painter. The later school of pre-Raffaelites and Mr. Morris seem to consider that all art is imitation—which Aristotle knew as well as they do—and further, that this imitation must be truthful and conscientious, which Cowper, without perhaps knowing much about it, and Wordsworth upon principle, set themselves to show.

Now, great and true as this principle is, it is not quite so simple as it looks. An exact transcript of nature is impossible, and were it possible, would be false. Photography has shown us this. The light pictures are not likenesses, and mislead. Nature is made up of evanescent, combined, and shifting elements, and just as a landscape depends upon air, and aerial tint, and local colour, so a portrait depends upon mind, character, distance, and a thousand other nameless things, rather than on a set of features and complexion. The romantic school of poets and painters set themselves to work to get what they thought a general resemblance, with a thorough and insolent contempt for fact and details. But unquestionably they worked upon a knowledge of art and attained their end. No doubt of it, though every mountain of Claude's may be wrong in its "cleavage," and not a tree could be identified by Sir William Hooker, he could paint sunlight. So Alexander Pope does not give us Homer; but he has produced, in his *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, certain works of art which for general effect are unsurpassed and unsurpassable. Against the hazy and lazy impertinence which asked us to accept a blue blot for a man, and a scraggled scratch for a tree, or Mr. Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling* for a sample of human nature, it was a duty to protest: and art has every reason to be grateful to those painters and poets who told us that patient accuracy in details, and a conscientious truthfulness in rendering the facts of the world either of matter or of mind, were the first duties of the artist, whether in letters or on canvas. But when painters think it their duty to work through a microscope, and to try to paint every stain on every leaf, as well as every leaf on every tree, they not only forget what art is, but are ignorant of what artistic imitation is. This extravagance is, we think, what Mr. Morris delights in. He works in the patient spirit of the illuminators, but then he is grotesque as well as minute and patient. All his thoughts and figures are represented on a solid plane; he has no notion of distance, or aerial perspective, or gradation of tints; or rather, of malice prepense, he neglects these things. He has abundance of vivid, positive colour, sharp outline, and great richness of word diaper, with a certain stiff, antique, cumbrous embroidery of diction; but it is all cold, artificial, and angular. It is, in words, just what Sir Isambard on the plum-coloured horse was two years ago.

Mr. Morris has taken as his general groundwork the *Morte d'Arthur*, the British subject which Milton resigned in despair to the feebleness of Bulwer, or—may it be hoped?—to the fulness of Tennyson's powers. Of course, he goes back to the *Morte d'Arthur*, for has not pre-Raffaelism taken it under its special protection? His chief poem is the *Defence of Guenevere*—a very tedious affair, as, in truth, the whole story of the Knights of the Round-Table is; and, as far as we can understand what is hardly worth the understanding, it is a defence of the virtue of King Arthur's queen, a lady whose fair fame, like Helen's, it was reserved for our politeness to vindicate. The subjoined lines are in an ugly, disjointed series of unrhymed triplets, and present a very unfavourable specimen of Mr. Morris's powers, which are, in our judgment, considerable, though altogether spoiled and wasted by his devotion to a false principle of art. False principle, we say, because a poet's work is with the living world of men. Mr. Morris never thinks of depicting man or life later than the Crusades. With him, the function of art was at an end when people began, in decent life, to read and write. So all that he produces are pictures—pictures of queer, quaint knights, very stiff and cumbrous, apparently living all day in chain armour, and crackling about in cloth of gold—women always in miniver, and never in flesh and blood. The trees and flowers are very pronounced in colour, and exceedingly angular and sharp in outline; every building is a prickly castle, and every castle has its moat. Here it is, and the folks about it:—

Many scarlet bricks there were  
In its walls, and old grey stone;  
Over which red apples shone  
At the right time of the year.

On the bricks the green moss grew,  
Yellow lichen on the stone,  
Over which red apples shone;  
Little was that castle knew.

Dull green water filled the moat,  
Each side had a red-brick lip,  
Green and mossy with the drip  
Of dew and rain; there was a boat  
Of carven wood, with hangings green  
About the stern, &c.

Who walked in that garden there?  
Miles and Giles and Isabeau,  
Tall Jehane du Castel beau,  
Alice of the golden hair.

Big Sir Gawain, the good knight,  
Fair Ellayne le Violet,  
Mary, Constance fille de fay,  
Many dames with footfall light.

Whosoever wander'd there,  
Whether it be dame or knight,  
Half of scarlet, half of white,  
Their raiment was: of roses fair  
Each wore a garland on the head,  
At Ladie's Gard the way was so;  
Fair Jehane du Castel beau  
Wore her wreath till it was dead.

All this and the verses that follow are pretty in their way, though labouring under the slight disadvantage of having no story to tell, and of telling the no-story by broken hints and jerks of allusion, and what is meant to be suggestive. The title is *Golden Wings*, though what the wings are, and why golden, passes our wit to conjecture. And so throughout. Each poem is as hard to decipher as though it were written in black letter. It is crabbed, and involved, and stiff, and broken-backed in metre, but bright, sparkling, distinct, and pictorial in effect. You cannot quite make out what it means, or whether it means anything taken altogether; but each touch is sharp, the colour is brilliant, the costume picturesque. Still, the general effect is decidedly unpleasant. If the ages of faith and chivalry were this sort of thing, it must have been a queer world to live in. We never knew any knights or ladies of this class, but there must have been a great deal of blood as well as lances and shields in those days; and though there was a great amount of kissing, both according to the chronicles and Mr. Morris, it appears that the kissers and kissed had but little respect for the marriage service. This, we are bound to say, is the general moral impression conveyed by Mr. Morris's very chivalrous little pictures. His men and women, and trees and flowers, and castles and houses, are not like anything we ever saw, except in illuminations; but they might, when they did exist, be like Mr. Morris's delineations. Only it is a mercy to have got rid of them. If this thing is to be reproduced, perhaps this is the only way to do what is not worth doing. Mr. Morris could employ himself better; and we regret that, with his gifts of colouring and sense of force and beauty, he does not give us people and passions with which we could sympathize. We have not the patience to go through his anatomy—often a morbid study, of all the component parts of forests or castles, or even of ladies' dresses or ladies' morals; but he depicts these things by so many and so true touches, often with such vivid realism, that if he would but consider that poetry is concerned about human passions and duties—with men of like moral nature with ourselves, and with material nature where green and white is not got up on the art principles of the mediæval miniaturists—he might win a great place (which is not saying much) among his contemporaries. But although aware that specimens will present neither Mr. Morris's best nor worst points—neither his insufferable affectation nor his command of language—we must let the poet of pre-Raffaelism exhibit himself. The picture is a besieged knight waiting for succour:—

I cannot bear the noise  
And light out there, with this thought alive,  
Like any curling snake within my brain;  
Let me just hide my head within these soft  
Deep cushions, there to try and think it out.

[*Lying on the window-seat.*]

I cannot bear much noise now, and I think  
That I shall go to sleep; it all sounds dim  
And faint, and I shall soon forget most things;  
Yea, almost that I am alive and here;  
It goes slow, comes slow, like a big mill-wheel  
On some broad stream, with long green weeds a-sway,  
And soft and slow it rises and it falls,  
Still going onward.

Lying so, one kiss,  
And I should be in Avalon asleep,  
Among the poppies and the yellow flowers;  
And they should brush my cheek, my hair being spread  
Far out among the stems; soft mice and small  
Eating and creeping all about my feet,  
Red-shod and tired; and the dies should come  
Creeping on my broad eyelids unafraid;  
And there should be a noise of water going,  
Clear blue, fresh water breaking on the slates,  
Likewise the flies should creep, &c.

And so long as they do not creep on canvas, and are not done in the brightest of verditer and ultramarine next year in Trafalgar-square, we may leave them creeping, creeping in Mr. Morris's poem.

#### MEMOIR OF HENRY POLEHAMPTON, CHAPLAIN OF LUCKNOW.\*

UNDER ordinary circumstances, Henry Polehampton would not have deserved a memoir. We hope and believe that there are hundreds as good as he—as modest, and manly, and resolute in doing their duty as he was. As presented to us in the little volume now dedicated to his memory, he may stand as the type of a large class of English gentlemen, and of not a small class of English clergymen. He was a favourable specimen of the average effect of a public school and university education upon a man of ordinary abilities and good disposition. *Ne quid nimis* might have stood for his motto. He never seems to have allowed his love for active sports to interfere with his reading. Still less did any devotion to intellectual pursuits hinder his

\* A Memoir, Letters, and Diary of the Rev. Henry S. Polehampton, M.A., Chaplain of Lucknow. Edited by the Rev. Edward Polehampton, M.A., and the Rev. Thomas Stedman Polehampton, M.A. London: Bentley. 1858.

fishings or boating. And in his moral character we observe a total absence of the high-flown and transcendental. The spirited boy became a healthy, well-educated, honourable, man—*mens sana in corpore sano*. He was neither a milksop nor a pedant; but as well fitted, physically and morally, for the ordinary duties of life as the average run of his contemporaries. Whatever had been his profession, or wherever he had been placed, he would have done his appointed work cheerfully and uprightly, and would have engaged the sympathies of all around him by his honesty of purpose, his genial temper, and his avoidance of crotchetts or extremes. Circumstances led him to take holy orders, for which he was more fitted than many candidates by his general rectitude of life and morals. He entered upon a curacy at Shrewsbury, and won the esteem of every one by his simplicity of temper and his unaffected devotion to his duties. There are many such men in the ecclesiastical profession, and they are generally and not undeservedly favourites. Henry Polehampton would seem, so far as the volume before us gives evidence, to have known little and cared less for scientific theology. He scarcely even shared the peculiar tastes and weaknesses of the clerical order. No one would have dreamed of consulting him on a matter of dogma, or moral philosophy, or of religious art; but every one would have relied on him for the honest and intelligent performance of the humbler practical duties of his calling. A severe visitation of cholera in his parish tested his courage and zeal, and no one could have ministered to the sick with more fidelity or perseverance. In such devotion, however, he was no better than his fellows, and we see in him nothing more than a good specimen of the well-bred hardworking clergyman, such as is to be found in hundreds of our English parishes.

Wishing to marry, and seeing no near prospect of preferment at home, Henry Polehampton made interest for, and obtained, an Indian chaplaincy. He left England, not indeed without regret, but with cheerful resolution. He made no pretence about the matter, and took no credit to himself for missionary zeal or for any sublime motive in his expatriation. It was simply a matter of judicious foresight and calculation. But he determined to do his duty as well in India as at home, and he nobly kept his vow. Arrived at Calcutta, he was appointed to the chaplaincy of Lucknow. He threw himself at once into his new work, which consisted in services for the Queen's regiment stationed there and for the British residents in the city, with attendance in the hospital and in the churchyard, and occasional visits to distant stations where there was no chaplain. He was the same man as he had been in his English parish, and seems to have won the attachment and respect of every one. Among the officers of the station, civil and military, he made friendships, besides renewing some school and academic acquaintances. He rode and boated with his equals, and became popular with all classes of his countrymen. In particular, his ministrations to the 32nd Regiment, during an epidemic of cholera, seem to have endeared him to the whole regiment. In a word, he discharged faithfully and zealously the immediate duties of his office. Judging from his letters, he did not trouble himself with speculative difficulties of any kind. His observations on the strange political system in which his new lot was cast are few and unimportant. The ancient civilization of the natives of Hindostan, and their religious peculiarities, did not attract his attention. There is scarcely a sentence in his letters home which betrays any interest in anything beyond the circle of his daily duties and his domestic happiness—still less any indication that he or his associates were marking the “signs of the times,” or had the least idea or apprehension of the terrible mutiny then imminent, which was to shake British rule in India to its very foundation, and of which so many of themselves were destined to be the victims. But when the crisis came, the handful of British shut up in the Residency at Lucknow were equal to the emergency. The world has never seen a more conspicuous example of heroic fortitude than was exhibited by that gallant band. Soldier and civilian alike, priest and trader, nay, the very women and children, equally deserve our admiration—if, indeed, the non-combatants do not claim the greater share. For the active work of fighting is easier oftentimes than passive endurance; and to minister to the dying in pestilential wards, amidst unimaginable horrors and dangers, is worse than the excitement of the actual struggle. In the Lucknow Residency during that awful siege there was literally no safety, by night or day, from the shell or bullet of the enemy. Some perished by stray shots during the short sleep allowed by their overwhelming duties, who had escaped the nearer dangers of the mine or battery; and women and children were struck dead in the safest recesses that could be found. Mr. Polehampton himself was shot in the hospital, while ministering to the sick and wounded; and before he had quite recovered of his wound he was carried off by cholera. He died, if ever man died, in the fulfilment of his duty; and a well-spent life was nobly ended. It is not to be wondered at that his friends and relations, proud in the midst of their sorrow of numbering one so dear to them among the heroes of Lucknow, should have wished to honour his memory by recording the few facts of his too short life in the volume now before us. And we gladly welcome a memoir which not only sketches the honourable life of a brave and upright man, but gives us another glimpse of what our countrymen and countrywomen did and suffered during that eventful siege, which will remain for all future time one of the most glorious and entrancing pages of our national history. It will be long before

the reading public will be tired of truthful narratives of the various episodes of the great Indian mutiny, and we hope we may predict a hearty reception for this unpretending but not uninteresting memoir of the chaplain of Lucknow.

The volume consists, first of all, of a succinct biographical sketch, and then of a selection of Mr. Polehampton's letters to his mother and brothers, written from India. These will be read with considerable interest. They describe very pleasantly his impressions of the voyage out and his first experience of Indian life. There is no depth in them; but they are modest and lively, and display eminently the kindly temper of the writer. The editors, who have made numerous suppressions of names and passages, would have done well, we think, to have further omitted most of his laudations of living men. He wrote home in all simplicity, with free remarks on the people whom he met. We are sure he would not have wished all these observations to be given to the world. In particular, his comments on the satisfactory moral state of the men and officers whose deathbeds he attended are somewhat startling. It would have been better taste, we think, had his brothers suppressed the names, which the excellent chaplain could scarcely have trusted to his private letters without something like a breach of confidence. And, while we are noticing the few defects of the volume, we may add our regret at observing sometimes a kind of attempt on the part of the editors to borrow the unctuous phraseology of the Huddley Vicars school of religious biography, which seems by the way to suit ill enough the plain and unaffected character of the Lucknow chaplain.

Mr. Polehampton's letters during the early part of the siege, and the diary he kept after all communication had been cut off from the external world till the day of his fatal seizure, convey but little fresh information, and are remarkably chary of criticism upon the events of the siege. Even the battle of Chinhut and the evacuation of the Muchee Bawn are passed over without comment. Indeed, he gives little more than a journal of what happened under his own immediate observation; and, doubtless, his incessant labours in the hospital would have precluded a broader view of affairs, even had he been qualified by habit or disposition to deal with matters of policy. His function was to do, and not to talk of what he did. Far more deeply interesting, therefore, on all accounts, to our mind, are the letters and diary of his widow, which form the latter half of this volume. Even before her bereavement, Mrs. Polehampton had devoted herself to nursing the sick in the hospital, and she resumed her beneficent ministrations after her recovery from the first shock of her loss. Her honoured name, with those of three other ladies who shared her labours of Christian charity, will be remembered by all who have read Brigadier Inglis' admirable narrative of the Defence of Lucknow, and the Governor-General's reply. Very touching is Mrs. Polehampton's brief diary of the end of the siege, and of the escape to Cawnpore. Here is her description of her day's routine :

I used to go to the hospital after breakfast, spend as many hours there as I found necessary, and return to dinner. In the evening I only spent an hour in the hospital, and then, when it got dark, my hour of rest came: the most precious hour I had in the day; and that I spent at my darling Henry's grave. I often wonder now, in looking back at that time, how I escaped as I did on these occasions, for the bullets were constantly flying thickly close over my head as I was sitting at the grave, and several times shells burst within a few yards of me there. It seemed so strange that I should be one to escape.

She adds, further on—“I forgot to tell you that I was twice struck by musket balls during the siege—once on the arm, and once afterwards on the ankle.” It is interesting to hear how heartily the rescued from Lucknow were welcomed on their way to Calcutta. Mrs. Polehampton relates how a sentry looked into her “gharree” as they reached Cawnpore with the exclamation, “Thank God, the Sepoys haven't got at you.” At Allahabad the parole was “Heroine,” in honour of their arrival, and at Ghazee-pore the privates of the 37th crowded to look at them, and offered them their beer and whatever they had.

We recommend our readers to procure for themselves this seasonable volume. They will find it, as we have endeavoured to show, a record of manly excellence and of the highest womanly heroism. Its moral is, we take it, that the Englishmen and Englishwomen of our age have lost none of the old virtue of the race. Given the emergency, and there will be awakened the dormant heroism of the national character. The beleaguered of Lucknow were just such ordinary people as we meet everyday at home. The curate at the neighbouring parish church would work and die as nobly as the subject of this memoir, and his wife would turn Sister of Mercy if need were, and face pestilence and pain in reeking hospitals under their most awful forms. And so through all the grades of social life. What are our private soldiers but the labourers and mechanics who toil among us at home? And, as it was remarked during the Crimean war, the frivolous loungers at the Guards' Club became sublime in his courage and endurance on the steeps of Inkerman. But this consideration does not detract from the glory of those who, tried by circumstances, have given actual proof of their virtues. The majority of us lead prosaic and monotonous lives. But our belief that we too could do or suffer nobly, were our duty to call us, ought to make us the more honour, because we can more appreciate, those who have sustained their country's glory in the hour of peril, and who have made the task of their successors all the easier by their good example.

## FIJI AND THE FIJIANS.\*

IT is not often that a book of the sort is so well done as this account of Fiji. The first volume furnishes a summary of the information respecting the islands of that group and their inhabitants which was obtained by Mr. Williams, a Wesleyan missionary, during a residence of thirteen years. The second volume contains an account of the mission in Fiji, the materials having been supplied by Mr. Calvert, another Wesleyan missionary, and the whole put into shape by a friend in England. Of course, the details of savage life are always rather monotonous, and the fluctuations in the success of missionaries form a subject requiring too frequent repetition and too minute a personal history of heathen converts to be very entertaining. But the execution of these volumes is very thorough. They contain an astonishing mass of small facts compressed skilfully together, and when we close them, we feel as if we understood the Fijians as well as civilized men can ever understand savages with whom they have never come into actual contact.

The Fijians are of a race something between the Asiatic and the African varieties of the Polynesian type, inclining more nearly to the African. The number of the population on all the islands is not estimated by Mr. Williams to exceed 150,000. It is also rapidly diminishing; and yet the Fijian is physically a fine man—tall, graceful, and with a skin of a purplish black. Among savages he deserves to rank tolerably high. His senses are keen, and he has plenty of tact and ready wit. He has also the intellectual gifts and the mental habits which have attained so much notoriety among the highest tribes of the Red Indians of North America. He is full of small diplomacy, and is skilful in concealing it. "His face and voice are all pleasantness, and he has the rare skill of finding out just the subject on which you most like to talk." Like all superior savages, he can generally command himself, and will plan a murder in the presence of his victim without letting the slightest sign betray his purpose. Perhaps, however, no testimony to the superiority of the Fijians is so striking as that of Mr. Hadley, who is quoted as saying that, in the course of a long experience, the Fijians were the only savage people he had ever met with who could give reasons, and with whom it was possible to hold a connected conversation. They also show a very creditable hatred of lying; and if Mr. Williams feels himself obliged to point out that they are revengeful, envious, cruel, and ungrateful, these are qualities which they have the honour of sharing with a large portion of the Christian and civilized world.

The character of the Fijians is interesting for two reasons. They are the most confirmed cannibals in the world, and the missionaries have had considerable success among them. It is curious to ask what is the point of moral and intellectual degradation implied in cannibalism, and how far a nation practising it is capable of embracing Christianity. No part of these volumes is more interesting than that in which this custom of the natives is described. Certainly the thought of cannibalism is repulsive, but it is so wonderful a fact in the history of man that curiosity cannot fail to be awakened by it. It appears from the account given by Mr. Williams that the practice rests upon three principal motives. In the first place, a feast on human flesh is considered the appropriate mode of celebrating a great occasion. Perhaps there may be a sort of religious feeling attending it, for an occasion is only great because a chief orders it to be considered great, and there seems to be no real distinction between the religious position of the chief and that of the lesser gods. Mr. Williams gives the following summary of the occasions on which bodies are eaten as a mark of solemnity, or as a means of courting good luck:—

Human bodies are sometimes eaten in connexion with the building of a temple or canoe; or on launching a large canoe; or on taking down the mast of one which has brought some Chief on a visit; or for the feasting of such as take tribute to a principal place. A Chief has been known to kill several men for rollers, to facilitate the launching of his canoes, the "rollers" being afterwards cooked and eaten. Formerly a Chief would kill a man or men on laying down a keel for a new canoe, and try to add one for each fresh plank. These were always eaten as "food for the carpenters." I believe that this is never done now; neither is it now common to murder men in order to wash the deck of a new canoe with blood. This is sometimes the case, and would, without doubt, have been done on a larger scale when a first-rate canoe was completed at Somosomo, had it not been for the exertion of the missionaries then stationed there. Vexed that the noble vessel had reached Mbau unstained with blood, the Mbau Chiefs attacked a town, and killed fourteen or fifteen men to eat on taking down the mast for the first time. It was owing to Christian influence that men were not killed at every place where the canoe called for the first time. If a chief should not lower his mast within a day or two of his arrival at a place, some poor creature is killed and taken to him as the "lowering of the mast." In every case an enemy is preferred; but when this is impracticable, the first common man at hand is taken. It is not unusual to find "black-list" men on every island, and these are taken first. Names of villages or islands are sometimes placed on the black-list. Vakambua, Chief of Mbau, thus doomed Tavua, and gave a whale's tooth to the Nggaro Chief, that he might, at a fitting time, punish that place. Years passed away, and a reconciliation took place between Mbau and Tavua. Unhappily the Mbau Chief failed to neutralize the engagement made with Nggaro. A day came when human bodies were wanted, and the thoughts of those who held the tooth were turned towards Tavua. They invited the people of that place to a friendly exchange of food, and slew twenty-three of their unsuspecting victims. When the treacherous Nggarans had gratified their own appetites by pieces of the flesh cut off and roasted on the spot, the bodies were taken to Vakambua, who was greatly astonished, expressed much regret that such a slaughter should have grown out of his carelessness, and then shared the bodies to be eaten.

\* *Fiji and the Fijians.* By Thomas Williams and James Calvert. London: Heylin. 1858.

The second motive for cannibalism is revenge. It is pleasant not only to eat a man, but to think that he would not have liked to be eaten. But there can be no doubt that the third motive, that of really liking the flesh as a dainty, operates powerfully. Mr. Williams tells a story illustrating this in a curious way:—

When I first knew Loti, he was living at Na Ruwai. A few years before, he killed his only wife and ate her. She accompanied him to plant taro, and when the work was done, he sent her to fetch wood, with which he made a fire, while she, at his bidding, collected leaves and grass to line the oven, and procured a bamboo to cut up what was to be cooked. When she had cheerfully obeyed his command, the monster seized his wife, deliberately dismembered her, and cooked and ate her, calling some to help him in consuming the unnatural feast. The woman was his equal, one with whom he lived comfortably; he had no quarrel with her or cause of complaint. Twice he might have defended his conduct to me, had he been so disposed, but he only assented to the truth of what I here record. The only motives could have been a fondness for human flesh, and a hope that he should be spoken of and pointed out as a terrific fellow.

It is worth observing that women are not allowed to eat of human flesh, nor are the priests, as a rule; or, if they eat of it, they are condemned to taste only the worst parts. As the wife of Tuikilalika, evidently a barbarian *esprit fort*, remarked, the head, being the least esteemed part, "is the portion of the priests of religion." There does not appear to be any superstitious feeling at work, or any kind of secret remorse operating in thus cutting off women and priests from cannibal repasts. The feeling seems rather to be one akin to that which in English society limits the use of tobacco—women are absolutely forbidden it, and clergymen are only allowed to smoke in a sort of half and half way. No one, for instance, would expect to see a Bishop walk up from the House of Lords, after a late division, with a cigar in his mouth; whereas nothing could be more appropriate for a temporal peer. And this suggests, indeed, the really striking and interesting point in cannibalism. It becomes a fashion and a habit of society, and is governed in its execution by the laws of society. It does not imply any extreme of degradation, for the sense of the loathsomeness fades away exactly as the objections to the use of tobacco have disappeared—*Ubi homines sunt, modi sunt.* And a feeling of respectability and conservatism grows up to regulate and perpetuate cannibalism.

When the missionaries came to work in the spiritual field of Fiji, they had everything against them except one. The Fijians indulged freely in every vice, mentionable or unmentionable, but they were not stupid. In the language of the greatest of modern Pagans, it is stupidity against which the gods contend in vain, and the whole record given in the second of these volumes shows that it was because the Fijians were not stupid—because they appreciated the logical thoroughness and the moral purpose of the missionaries—that so many of them lent a willing ear to the truths of the Gospel. Of course the missionaries were themselves often disappointed in their converts, and it is not impossible that a secular investigator of the facts might be inclined to think that the general progress of the missionaries was not so great as they themselves believe it to have been. But there can be no doubt that very considerable results have been achieved, and if the editor of the second volume has a right to use anything like the language of the following passage, the missionaries have indeed done great things:—

The reader of the foregoing sketch—for it is nothing else—of the Fiji Mission history, will be ready, as he considers the means by which so much good has been effected, to look beyond the means and exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" The change which has taken place in Fiji during the last five-and-twenty years—a change going far beneath the broad surface over which it has extended—presents to the philosophical student of history a phenomenon which cannot be explained except by recognizing the presence of a supernatural force, Almighty and Divine. Let the nature of this change be well considered. Many of the most strongly marked points which are described in these volumes have almost or altogether disappeared from the condition and general aspect of the people. Throughout a great part of Fiji, cannibalism has become entirely extinct. Polygamy, in important districts, is fast passing away, and infanticide in the same proportion is diminishing. Arbitrary and despotic violence, on the part of rulers, is yielding to the control of justice and equity. Human life is no longer reckoned cheap, and the avenger of blood comes not now as a stealthy assassin, or backed by savage warriors, but invested with the solemn dignity of established law, founded on the Word of God. Other acts, once occurring daily without protest or reproof, are now recognized and punished as crimes.

If, as we read this sketch of missionary history, we ask ourselves how (speaking only of human causes) this result has been obtained, we have first to acknowledge that those who have laboured in this noble work have been men of the truest zeal, self-devotedness, and spiritual wisdom. But apart from the exercise of personal qualities, this record shows, we think, two or three things which are worth considering. In the first place, the missionaries were greatly aided by the presence of their wives. The married state of its ministers is an incalculable gain to Protestantism, in its relations with the heathen. It is not only that women are taken to co-operate in the pious work, but that the women taken are married. It is because she is a wife among wives, and a mother among mothers, that the missionary's companion wins her way to the hearts of those who have the care of the young, and thus secures a footing where it is most needed. Secondly, the missionaries in Fiji gained demonstrably by their insisting inflexibly on a rigorous code. They would not tolerate polygamy in any shape, and always refused to baptize one wife among several, or the husband of several wives. They would not allow dances which, in their opinion, approached indecency; and they would not overlook a falsehood conveyed either by the tongue or by gesture. If a cannibal

feast, or the ceremony of strangling surviving relatives over the grave of a dead man, was being celebrated, there they went boldly, and stayed looking on at the horrid sight—promising, imploring, reasoning all the time, and contesting every point, fighting separately for every life, and never content to lose any opportunity of securing the decent interment of any part of a human body. The Fijians seem to have been persuaded that there must be something in a religion for which men incurred such protracted and continuous trouble. At the same time, we must own that the missionaries were also apparently aided by what in England we should call narrowness and fanaticism. The whole history of the world shows that it is not the judicious, impartial, and moderate men who spread new religions. It is easy, for instance, to prove that the Puritanical doctrine of the Sabbath is expressly discountenanced by Scripture, and opposed to the whole usage of Christendom; but it is also easy to understand that in preaching a creed where there is so little of positive observance to be inculcated as in Protestantism, it may be very convenient for missionaries to exact that every seventh day shall be brought into harmony with a misinterpretation of the Jewish sabbath, in order that the courage and persistency of their converts may be periodically tested. Truth and charity, again, bid us recognise in Roman Catholics fellow-Christians and fellow-labourers in the vineyard. But we cannot doubt that the natives were spared much uncertainty, and the Wesleyans many harassing anxieties, when the chiefs were prevailed on to prevent any priest landing on any pretence whatever. A little honest bigotry may sometimes be productive of at least temporary advantage; and these Wesleyan ministers, who, if they had remained in England, would probably have chiefly figured as obstacles to the establishment of a more liberal, learned, and comprehensive creed, shine forth in Fiji with a brightness which ought to be a source of pride and thankfulness to every Christian.

#### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN BROWN.\*

THE theory that every man's life is worth writing has been worked rather hard of late years; but it occasionally produces a book very well worth reading. We think that this has been the case with the autobiography of Mr. Brown, well known to Cambridge men on many accounts, of which he has given the world at large a full detail in a very characteristic and very amusing little book. Mr. Brown was born at Barnwell, now a well-known suburb of Cambridge, but at that time a neighbouring village, on the 4th of August, 1796. During the sixty-three years which have since that date passed over his head, he has been a shoemaker, a soldier, a sailor, an actor, a publican, a billiard-room and livery-stable keeper, and a member of the Common Council of the borough of Cambridge. There is nothing, perhaps, very surprising or very unusual in these transformations. In the busy times in which we live, there is hardly a considerable village which does not contain men whose lives would be, in certain aspects, well worth writing; for it was never so true as it is at present, that many run to and fro, and that knowledge is increased. Mr. Brown's life is remarkable, not as a prodigy, but as a sample—a sample of something of which, for the most part, we live in all but complete ignorance. A romantic, inconceivable story stands by itself, and teaches nothing except that odd things sometimes happen. Histories of extreme misery and destitution—such as are hunted out by people whose business it is to astonish and frighten the world—are of necessity exceptional. In common with all who wish to know what the character of unfamiliar classes of society really is, we turn with the greatest interest to a commonplace man's account of himself. The average condition of men is, after all, the important point; for most of us are neither very fortunate nor very unlucky, very great or very mean, very wise or very foolish. Unfortunately for the instruction, though it may perhaps be fortunate for the amusement of mankind, this, the largest and most important class, is precisely the one which is least often made the subject of description. Mr. Brown's book is an exception. The author differs from hundreds of thousands of his countrymen only just enough to make his biography interesting, without making it exceptional. He has led the life of a clever, successful, high-spirited workman, who has made what in a quiet way must be called his fortune, by energy, spirit, and ingenuity, in the face of a considerable number of rebuffs and difficulties. These parts of his career are all detailed with a frankness which is all the more amiable and amusing inasmuch as their character has occasionally been anything but pleasant, and because it required no small share of manliness to record them so plainly. Thus, for example, when in the navy, Mr. Brown was flogged for a very trifling breach of discipline; and in later life he was forced, by misfortunes which he could not possibly have guarded against, to go through the Insolvent Court. The story is told in both instances with a very creditable, straightforward simplicity, though with a desire, equally obvious and natural, to stand well in the eyes of the reader.

Mr. Brown concludes his story, with the due old-fashioned emphasis, by drawing this conclusion in the shape of a moral from his varied experience and ultimate good fortune—that "even in this world there is sometimes a reward vouchsafed to faith and

perseverance." Our conclusion might be a little different; but Mr. Brown would, we are sure, appreciate the compliment which it is meant to convey, when we say that it is as follows:—Here all whom it may concern may see as genuine a specimen of an Englishman as they could find within the four seas. The character is not altogether so well known as it ought to be, for of late years so much has been done to exhibit our national peculiarities in a picturesque and almost lurid light by novelists and speculators, that their true proportions have been a little blurred in the popular estimation. The habit into which so many philanthropic novelists have fallen, of representing "working men" as a stern, grim, highly intellectual race, pressed down by classes essentially inferior to them in energy and power, though superior in accidental advantages, is as likely to produce error on the one hand as the Continental or melodramatic notion of the national character on the other. Mr. Brown's portrait of himself is an excellent corrective of these mistakes. We think no competent judge will deny that the curious union which it displays, of tough will and perseverance with very keen sensibility and a strong wish for every one's approval—and above all, for his own—is a specimen of the exact temperament to which so much of our national greatness is due. The stronger and deeper lines of the character are overlaid by a cheerfulness and power of enjoyment which are at least equally characteristic of real Englishmen. Mr. Brown's earliest ambition is to be a first-rate bootmaker, and to gain that object he works his skin off his fingers, and sticks to his business from morning to night till he has attained it; but having done the day's work, his delight is to dress himself as neatly as he can, and to see the world according to his opportunities. There is something eminently characteristic in his passion for all sorts of accomplishments. Acting, recitation, and (apparently above all) boxing, are his chosen amusements. It is difficult to say which he is most proud of—his hard work, or his readiness with his fists. He relates with about equal satisfaction how, on one occasion, he made two pair of boots at a sitting of fifteen hours, besides walking from the City to the New River to bathe, and how he thrashed a bargee who presumed on his great size to affront him. The sanguine buoyancy of his temper is also well worth noticing. He is always getting into trouble, and always getting out of it again. At the very nadir of his fortunes he lays the foundation of future comfort, by buying an old billiard-table and teaching his townsmen billiards. After awhile, he buys several slabs of slate, and manufactures a slate table for himself, after the manner of a civilized Robinson Crusoe. All this is told with a considerable dash of vanity, and a semi-theatrical twang which was no doubt learnt on the stage; but the vanity is extremely harmless, for it is as open and unaffected as possible. Mr. Brown has worked hard to gain his own good opinion, and having won it, enjoys it like a man, and makes much of it.

Apart from the study of character which it affords, Mr. Brown's life is very well worth reading, not only on account of the odd and striking pictures which it contains of men and things, but because it is extremely well written. The naval part of it looks genuine, but it is certainly anything but pleasing. Mr. Brown served before the mast in a frigate for almost two years, at the close of the war. There was nothing very romantic in the service in which he was engaged, as it consisted principally in keeping up a sort of marine patrol on the west coast of Ireland. His frigate touched at Gibraltar when the famous pestilence was raging there. Her men were infected, and many of them died—Mr. Brown, amongst others, all but losing his life on the occasion. He describes the discipline as being harsh and even cruel in the extreme. He was himself flogged for knocking down a man who grossly insulted him whilst they were drinking together; and he tells a dismal story of a poor lad who underwent the same punishment for the merest trifles, and lost his reason, and ultimately his life, in consequence. He supplies, however, some excuse for such harshness, by telling us that the crew was formed, in part, of the refuse of the gaols, who required the severest treatment, and were indeed inaccessible to no other considerations. He expressly admits that some of these rascals were kept in order by it.

Mr. Brown's experience of life in London, as a journeyman shoemaker, is a great deal more cheerful. We have heard so much of late years of the miseries of mechanics, that we have got into a way of thinking that they are never anything else but miserable, and that in all their relations they stand in need of help and amendment. The notion is not only palpably false, but most injurious. Chronic misery is certainly not the condition of the great mass of our labouring population. Mr. Brown testifies to a most important truth when he says that "a good mechanic is the most independent man in the world." He himself appears to have lived for several years not only in comfort, but in something like luxury, whilst he was a journeyman. He says that he got 7s. for a pair of boots, and that he could make a pair in a day. A single man with 2l. 2s. a week, who has none of the expenses of living like a gentleman, is a rich man. Even with a family, he is by no means an object of pity; and the excellence at which he aims is far from being inaccessible to a sober, industrious person, with good health and average dexterity. Philanthropy is an excellent thing, but it may be easily misapplied; and it is never misapplied more absurdly than when it is assumed that to earn a living by daily labour is universally, or even generally, a hard and disagreeable lot.

Mr. Brown's Cambridge experiences are amusing, though his

\* *Sixty Years' Gleanings from Life's Harvest. A Genuine Autobiography.* By John Brown, Proprietor of the University Billiard-rooms, Cambridge. Palmer. 1858.

London career is, we think, the best part of the book. Some of his stories (which, by the way, are always to his own credit) are exquisitely characteristic of the place. As he was escorting a girl home to her mother's one evening, an undergraduate called him a snob. He replied, "You're a tailor." Hereupon the undergraduate pressed him to fight, which for a long time he refused to do; but at last, having seen his friend home, he returned, and exacting a promise from his antagonist's companions not to interfere, gave the young gentleman (who seems to have fought with plenty of spirit) a very particularly sound thrashing. When he was finally "doubled up like a dog in a coal-box," Mr. Brown picked him up in a friendly way, and "we then walked to his friends, who were sitting on the coping of the palisades, and had been silent spectators of the fight. No men could have kept their word of honour more sacred, for which I made them my grateful acknowledgments. They both shook me by the hand and complimented me upon my conduct, saying that throughout the affair I had acted nobly, and concluded by inviting me to their rooms to take some wine. This I most respectfully declined," &c. &c. The student then explained that he had been taking lessons in boxing, upon which Mr. Brown observed that that was a bad reason for insulting people, and "that all the different styles of fence were invented and established for man's protection, not for his destruction." The boyish folly and the substantial generosity of the students, and Mr. Brown's good humour and imposing morality, are infinitely comic, and characteristic of the place and the people. Mr. Brown appends a version of town and gown rows to this story, to which we cannot altogether subscribe. For the credit of the University, it ought to be observed that in those amiable encounters the students neither gave all the provocation nor received all the thrashing.

In conclusion, we feel no difficulty in saying that we have not of late met with a more amusing, nor, on the whole, with a more wholesome and genuine book than Mr. Brown's *Autobiography*; but we must warn those who might be scandalized by them, that from the beginning to the end of the book the author's sporting and theatrical tastes are constantly apparent, though, to us at least, they are anything but offensive.

#### MRS. SCHIMMELPENNINCK.\*

THESE volumes are well worth perusal—far more so than if they had been simply the "Life of Mrs. Schimmelpenninck." The first of them is an autobiography dictated in her old age, and includes only her first fifteen years—viz., 1778–93. The second and shorter volume, containing the remaining sixty, is a compilation intended to carry on the life, for which materials were but partially at hand. Nor need we much regret this, for the former part is in every way the more interesting. Its interest arises not from its bearing on Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's religious history, nor yet from the formation of her mind as an author (for the works mentioned below are not attractive to a very wide circle of readers), but from the picture of society in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and the portraits of men like Priestley and Darwin, Boulton and Watt, Dr. Withering the Botanist, and Berrington, the Catholic author of the *Literature of the Middle Ages*—with all of whom the scenes of her childhood were familiar. Had the autobiography been continued, we might have welcomed her impressions of Hannah More, William Wilberforce, Mr. (afterwards Cardinal) Weld, and others with whom she was brought in contact; but it would have required, we fear, more than her acknowledged talents to select from the uneventful sixty years of a religious life only such incidents as the public would care to know, and to present them within such a compass as it would have leisure to read. The latter volume partakes of the character of an ordinary religious biography, and we shall advert to it briefly before closing. Here it is sufficient to state that, after a few early religious struggles, she became a member of the Moravian Church, and in it married, lived, laboured, and died. The autobiography is in a lively and pleasant style, the recollections of childhood are told with simplicity, and the characters drawn, though seen at such a distance of time, seem to be truthful, and not too much idealized. Even the moralizing is well done, and the privilege of lecturing the reader, which must be conceded to an aged Christian recounting her early experiences, is sparingly used.

Her father's name was Galton. He was a man of business and fond of science. The family were nominally Friends, or Quakers, and were wealthy. They lived, first, just out of Birmingham, and then at Barr House, seven miles off. The former house was between two roads, one of which led to the residence of Lord Lyttelton (one of the supposed authors of *Junius*), the other to Leasowes, the abode of Shakespear the poet. Mr. Galton, who was indefatigable in the pursuit of knowledge, and was one of the first members of the Linnean Society, was one of a body of scientific men who, from meeting monthly at each other's houses, were termed The Lunar Society; and Mary Anne, who even in childhood studied enthusiastically Lavater's *Physiognomy*, records her impressions of its members, many of which were verified by subsequent and familiar intercourse.

Watt the engineer is described as a man of great simplicity of life and character. His mental labour was so intense that he

required from ten to eleven hours' sleep (happy he that he could take them). But he could unbend, and "when he came into the room, military men, artists, ladies, even little children, thronged round him." He taught Mary Anne to make a Jew's harp. He showed an artist that the best paint-brush may be made of rat's whiskers. And when he was in Paris during the peace of Amiens, and was inspecting the Tuilleries at the same time with Charles James Fox, he saved a French housemaid from despair by explaining the best method of polishing an English grate just imported. Dr. Priestley was another and a leading member of the society. Mary Anne remembered his noble bearing, his kind manners, his habit of retiring for an hour in the day for meditation and prayer:—

I well remember that in the assembly of these distinguished men, amongst whom Mr. Boulton, by his noble manners, his fine countenance (which resembled that of Louis XIV.), and princely munificence, stood pre-eminently as the great Macæna, even as a child I used to feel when Dr. Priestley entered after him, that the glory of the one was terrestrial, that of the other celestial; and utterly far as I am removed from Dr. Priestley's theological creed, I cannot but here record this evidence of the eternal power of any portion of truth held in vitality.

Another prominent figure, though in a darker shade, is that of Dr. Darwin, whose fame as a physician and a poet was then at its height. He was much at Barr, on account of Mrs. Galton's ill health. He maintained that a very large amount of food was beneficial, and practised his theory. On one side of his carriage was a library, on the other a receptacle for viands. When he came to Barr a great luncheon was always prepared, over which he talked incessantly. "But what was my surprise," says our author, "when at the close of the three hours which the repast had taken, he expressed his pleasure at hearing the dressing-bell, and hoped dinner would not be long delayed." He had little or no sense of truth, propriety, or religion. He informed the assembled guests how his bookseller gave him ten shillings a line for his poem, the *Botanic Garden*; and when questioned as to the truth of his description of the upas tree, which was proved by a long note, he replied:—

"It is a myth, my dear madam; but so long as the public believe and pay me, I shall go on *ad infinitum*, as the monks of old did with their equally true saintly legends." "My dear madam," said he to a pious lady who consulted him, "you have but one fault; you keep a conscience. Believe me, there are few who can afford such a luxury. As to your religious books, toss them all into the fire; I cannot permit one of them, except Quarles's *Emblems*, which may make you laugh."

Besides these, we have as members of the Society Sir W. Herschel and Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Edgeworth, and Mr. Day, the author of *Sandford and Merton*, of whose pupil, Sabina Sidney, Mary Anne heard how she was trained to fortitude by his firing off a pistol every morning close to her ear, and by dropping melted sealing-wax on her hands or shoulders. We have Dr. Withering, who employed Mary Anne to bring him specimens of fungi, on which he was writing, and who was often taken in by her playing him the trick of varying the species by the addition of paint; and Mr. Berrington, of whom a fine picture is drawn as the old Catholic ecclesiastic of high family. Others, too, figure, if we may so say, on the outside of the scene. Mdlle. de Luce, the confidante of the Royal Family, tells stories of the court; Mr. Berrington gives accounts of the poet Cowper, whom he met at the Throckmorton's; and through a cousin, who, from a gay young lady, had become a Quaker saint, we get a glimpse of the Methodists of Coalbrook Dale, and the peaceful serenity of Madely, the home of William Fletcher.

Mrs. Galton, too, had her recollections. She had, as a child, been a favourite with Lord Chesterfield, and had sat on King George's knee when he lodged at her father's in Bath for a night; and the property of her father, Barclay of Urie, adjoined that of Bruce the traveller, the truthfulness of whose Abyssinian stories he constantly maintained, with the words—"I have known Bruce from a child. He is too strong a man to be thwarted by difficulties; he is far too able to be deceived, and too proud to tell a lie."

The slave-trade agitation was then beginning; and a specimen is given of the stories which wrought so powerfully and so practically on men's minds, in the account of a visit to Liverpool:—

Our hostess had a young black servant who had been imported as a boy, and taken soon after to Liverpool. His mistress sent for him on his arrival. She was sitting in the drawing-room, which had a long pier-glass opposite the door. The young lad came into the room, and seeing himself in the glass, stretched out his arms, and rushed to it, exclaiming, "O my brother, my brother;" and in an instant the crashed glass fell in fragments on the floor.

Towards the close of the autobiography, we hear the reverberation of the great French Revolution, which in our author's reminiscences shook the whole country, and affected the minds even of children. She relates how, when Mr. Boulton presented his young son, who had just returned from Paris, to the society at Barr, the distinguished guests flocked round him and hung upon his lips. And on the taking of the Bastille, she describes Charles Priestley, a lad of sixteen or seventeen, rushing into the room, waving his hat, and exclaiming—"Hurrah! Liberty, Reason, and Brotherly Love for ever. Down with Kingcraft and Priestcraft. France is free. The Bastille is taken, and William (his brother), was there, and has sent two of its stones for you"—a girl of thirteen. "I have seen," says our author, "the reception of the victory of Waterloo and of the carrying of the Reform Bill; but I never saw joy comparable in its intensity and universality to that occasioned by the early promise of the French Revolution."

We shall close by following shortly the religious history of

\* *Life of Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck*, Author of "Select Memoirs of Port Royal," and other works. Edited by her relation, Christiana Hankin. London: Longmans. 1858.

Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, which is the proposed object of the book, and in which the autobiography insensibly interests us. It also to a great extent reflects the religious history of the country during the period in which she lived. The society of her childhood presents us with a picture of the tolerance or indifference of the eighteenth century. In the same room sit the Materialist Darwin, the Unitarian Priestley, the Catholic Berrington, and the Quakers and Anglicans, who formed the bulk of the society. The general temper is that of free inquiry; and Dr. Darwin freely discourses in such terms as these:—"Man is an eating animal, a drinking and a sleeping animal. He has powers practically to apply the resources of the world. All else is nothing. Conscience is a mere figment of the imagination." Such sentiments were sadly perplexing to a young mind; and so was the contrast between the heathen models of stoical fortitude and proud endurance which she heard praised on most days, and the lessons of Scripture which she repeated on Sundays. She could gain little help from the Society of Friends—her own communion—which was then at its lowest ebb, and was aptly typified to her by a sort of governess to whom she was subject for a time, who had been a Friends' milliner, and whose character had adapted itself to the practice of selecting colours and fashioning dresses according to the various degrees of "Friends' principles" professed by her employers.

Mary Anne was plunged into scepticism. She turned to Dr. Priestley as the only religious man she heard spoken of with respect; and she resolved to suspend all her doubts of the truth of Christianity on a morning's inspection of his works—a process which did not end in their solution. She continued in a state of spiritual apathy or distress—only relieved by occasional glimpses of a better state coming through the solemn silence of a Friends' meeting, or a visit to the Berringtons and the chapel at Oscott—till, when she was about twenty-three, she was thrown by an unexpected interview into the society of some Moravians at Bath, by whom she was brought to a sense of spiritual religion. She had scruples about joining them, owing to the lot (a part of their discipline which is now given up), and joined the Methodists for a time. Afterwards, overcoming her scruples by some of the strangest applications of Scripture, she became and remained a Moravian. Her husband was a Bristol merchant connected with a noble Dutch family; but though highly spoken of, and existing on the stage of the biography for forty years, he figures in the slightest manner, the date of his disappearance not even resting on the mind. Indeed, external circumstances and events are very few in the biography. Some misunderstanding about money arrangements alienated her parents from her, but does not seem to have much altered the course of her life. She was earnest in the anti-slavery movement, and wrote many tracts in its favour; she also was against capital punishment. Mrs. Hannah More brought the Port Royalists to her notice, and she spent a considerable time in studying and writing on them, and her work passed through several editions. She also wrote on the Theory of Beauty, on Education, and on Phrenology, and appears to have cultivated something of literary society. But the chief part of her time was taken up with practical objects of benevolence.

She entertained throughout her life a high esteem for the Roman Catholic Church, some of whose members had been the channel of much good to her; and a long letter is given in which she explains her views, and states with philosophical calmness the respective advantages of Romanism and Protestantism. "The one is grounded on implicit faith and on love; the other becomes necessary, since what comes through fallible man must be sifted. The evil is, that instead of combining the principles they are dispersed, and thus rend the Church of Christ." Unfortunately, but perhaps inevitably, this even balance was painfully disturbed. "During her last illness she was thrown much under the influence of Roman Catholics. They spared no effort to bring her to their communion; and succeeded for a time in seriously disturbing her mind;" on recovery from which unsettlement, she says, "My mind has undergone a real change on the subject of Roman Catholics. I see in their hierarchy, their recurrence to external rule and force instead of living principle, that which seems to me almost like blasphemy against the Holy Spirit." And she died somewhat more anti-Romanist than she had lived.

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The Public is respectfully informed that the Tragedy of MACBETH can only be represented for a LIMITED NUMBER OF NIGHTS.  
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FAREWELL SEASON OF MR. CHARLES KEAN AS MANAGER.  
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LONDON CRYSTAL PALACE, REGENT'S CIRCUS, OXFORD STREET, & GREAT PORTLAND STREET. This Magnificent Building will be OPENED to the Public on WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1st, 1858, FOR THE SALE OF ALL KINDS OF USEFUL AND FANCY ARTICLES. It will contain the Largest Number of First-Class Exhibitors of any Building in Europe. The Photographic Establishment is the finest in London. The Aviary, Conservatory, General Refreshment Room, and Ladies' Private Refreshment Room, with Retiring Room attached, will be repaire in their several departments. Applications for the remaining space are requested to be made forthwith.

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LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION, 81, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.—INSTITUTED 1806. President—CHARLES FRANKS, Esq. Vice-President—JOHN BENJAMIN HEATH, Esq.

TRUSTEES. Dease Barnewall, Esq. Alfred Head, Esq. Francis Henry Mitchell, Esq. Robert Haubury, Esq. The London Life Association was established more than fifty years ago on the principle of Mutual Assurance, the whole of the benefits being shared by the members assured. The surplus is ascertained each year, and appropriated solely to a reduction of the premiums, and not to an increase of the sum assured by the policies, the members being entitled to such reduction after they have been assured for seven years.

The Society has paid in claims more than £37,400. And has policies now in force amounting to £6,200,000. For the payment of which it possesses a capital exceeding £2,660,000. And a gross income from premiums and interest of more than £32,000. Assurances may be effected for any sum not exceeding £10,000 on the same life. The Society has no agents and allows no commission.

EDWARD DOCKER, Secretary.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, 1, OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.—INSTITUTED 1820.

DIRECTORS. MARTIN TUCKER SMITH, Esq., M.P., Chairman. GEORGE WILLIAM COTTAM, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.

Thomas George Barclay, Esq.	George Hibbert, Esq.
James C. C. Bell, Esq.	Samuel Hibbert, Esq.
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George Henry Cutler, Esq.	Frederick Pattison, Esq.
Henry Davidson, Esq.	William R. Robinson, Esq.
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PROFITS.—Four-fifths, or Eighty per cent. of the profits, are assigned to Policies every fifth year. The next appropriation will be made in 1861, and persons who now effect insurance will participate rateably.

BONUS.—The additions to Policies have been from £1 10s. to £63 18s. per cent. on the original sum insured.

CLAIMS.—Upwards of £1,250,000 has been paid to claimants under policies.

Proposals for insurances may be made at the chief office, as above; at the branch office, 16, Pall Mall, London; or to any of the agents throughout the Kingdom.

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THE WHOLE PROFITS DIVIDED AMONGST THE ASSURED.

THE SCOTTISH EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

INSTITUTED 1831.—INCORPORATED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

THE NEXT INVESTIGATION into the AFFAIRS OF THE SOCIETY, in order to the declaration of a Bonus, will be made at 1st MARCH, 1858, when all Policies then of FIVE Years' endurance will receive Additions.

These Additions may, in the option of the Assured, be applied thus:—

1. They may be added to the sum payable at death;
2. They may be commuted into a present payment; or,
3. They may be applied in reduction of the future premiums.

The following was the position of the Society at 1st March, 1858:—

Amount of Existing Assurances	£4,957,144
Annual Revenue	182,717
Accumulated Fund	1,096,400

Copies of the last Report may be had at the Head Office, or from any of the Society's Agents.

HEAD OFFICE, 26, ST. ANDREW-SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

ROBT. CHRISTIE, Manager.

WM. FINLAY, Secretary.

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12 Tea Spoons, do	0 16 0	1 4 0	1 7 0	1 16 0
12 Sause Ladles, do	0 8 0	1 0 0	0 11 0	0 13 0
1 Gravy Spoon, do	0 7 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 13 0
4 Salt Spoons (gilt bowls)	0 6 8	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 14 0
1 Mustard Spoon, do	0 1 8	0 2 6	0 3 0	0 3 6
1 Pair Sugar Tongs, do	0 3 6	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers, do	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 14 0	1 18 0
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To direct attention to the providential openings which have recently been made for the introduction of Christianity into China and Japan.

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